

**BUSY BODY,**  
**COLLECTION**  
**OF**  
**PERIODICAL ESSAYS,**

*Moral, Whimsical, Comic, and Sentimental,*

**BY**  
**MR. OULTON,**

**AUTHOR OF SEVERAL FUGITIVE PIECES.**

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**VOL. II.**

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My Pen's my own, my Will is free,  
And so shall be my THOUGHTS,  
No mortal Man shall HIDE FROM ME,  
I'LL FIND OUT ALL HIS FAULTS

**A PARODY.**

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**L O N D O N:**  
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# BUSY BODY.

THURSDAY, FEB. 3d, 1787. N<sup>o</sup> XV.

*'Tis education forms the infant mind,*

*For as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.*

Part.

## To the Busy Body.

SIR,

**I** HAVE a daughter about nine years old; she is my only child, and therefore very dear. Her mother and I are divided about her education; she wishes me to send her to an English

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B

boarding



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boarding school, and I think it better to put her to a French convent; your advice, however, we are determined to follow; pray then be communicative in your opinion, which will essentially oblige,

Your most humble Servant,

PATER.

In compliance to the wish of my new correspondent, I shall devote the present number to some serious reflections upon the education of young ladies, especially young ladies who have little or no dependence, but on their accomplishments.

Much has been said upon the education of boys, but little on that of girls, except by some school-mistresses who have

# THE BUSY BODY. 3

have written a few treatises on it, but which we all know to be in the way of trade.

To French convents I immediately object. Who can approve of the separation of parents and children? which must in some measure wean the affections of both, particularly the latter. A variety of scenes will certainly divert an infant mind, and by thus keeping off a recollection of their duty, abate their love; besides, if we are protestants, we take a sure road to make our children papists; I mean the *road to France*, where I think it impossible for a girl to remain from her infancy, and not acquire some of the seeds of popery: that a young lady will attain the knowledge of the French language better by

B 2

being

#### THE BUSY BODY.

being in France, I will readily acknowledge; but hope she can learn it sufficiently at home. Must we then go to Germany, if we wish to learn German, or Italian, to Italy? I can never have a good opinion of either the father or mother, who sends a daughter so far to be educated, where she is liable to cultivate such evil notions, and for want of a parent's vigilance, become the dupe of French gallantry.

In respect to boarding-schools, they are certainly, for the most part, very dangerous. Day-schools, if not more, are equally so. The undertakers of the former are very often illiterate, and the latter are generally held in houses of lodgings, where all sorts of young men frequent.



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frequent. I will venture to say, what is worse, where several of them live.

For a confirmation of these assertions, I will beg leave to add a short anecdote.

I was commissioned by a widow lady, or rather, Busy Body like, I offered my services to find out a proper school for her daughter to board in; I passed by several, without making any enquiries: for perceiving on the windows, the following notice, most horribly written, and barbarously spelt: "*Laydies taught to read and rite.*" I thought there would be little occasion to knock at their door. At last, induced by a very magnificent show-board, signifying, "English, French, Singing, Dancing, Writing, &c. on reasonable terms;"



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I made instant application;—the old mistress appeared.

“ You educate young ladies, I presume, madam ? ”

“ Oh yes, sir, I *educates* young ladies, and *teaches* English, French, and all *that their* most grammatically, I assure you, sir.”

After this example of her profound learning, my readers may be sure I disagreed about the terms, and left *this* *here* old mistress in search of another; but as I would not wish to criticize every boarding-school, I acknowledge that I found one very worthy encouragement; the mistress was a sensible woman, and had proper assistants; she always studied  
the

## THE BUSY BODY. 7

the dispositions of her little scholars, and rewarded or corrected them in the justest manner; by comparing this with the common run of boarding-schools, I hope to convince PATER of what I mean.

I will forthwith begin with the common boarding-schools, and consider the danger of sending children to them; but that I may be deem'd impartial on all sides, I will also consider the many disadvantages with which schools receive children.

Among twelve of every class, I am very sure that ten of them have been spoil'd before they leave their parents; and it is a hard task, I allow, for mistresses to correct their little scholars of these many imperfections they

## 2. THE BUSY BODY.

have derived from false indulgence. Miss has been always accustomed from the cradle to a mother's or a nurse's lap; instead of being bid, she is *coaxed* to do every thing, and humoured in all those little follies which childish fancy suggests; the consequence is, that correction is most needed, and many are the methods to be used for the recovery of the child's disposition. These are the methods which we are to consider.

It is too often the case that common boarding-schools having inferior assistants, the poor children are generally *frightened* into their duty; and what they have heard at nurse, or perhaps at home, from the servants, is now ratified by the menaces of these cruel teachers; cruel indeed, for what can be greater barbarity,



rity than alarming a poor infant with  
 the approach of *raw head, bloody bones,*  
 and such like chimerical nonsense. I am  
 surpris'd that the most inferior under-  
 standing can start such idle notions, and  
 be the means of ruining a child for ever.  
 As I am confident that many of our  
 grown up ladies have derived their su-  
 perstitious fears, fits, and hystericks  
 from this unpardonable fault in educa-  
 tion; and am surpris'd, since so many  
 poor innocents have smothered, or other-  
 wise, destroyed themselves in bed thro'  
 the apprehension of seeing a threatened  
 ghost, or idle apparition, that school-  
 mistresses of any sort will keep teachers  
 or servants who terrify the children to  
 keep them quiet.

But I am



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I am no friend to severity, particularly in female schools, yet there must be some means adopted to keep the giddy train in order. The introduction of *fools caps* is very commendable; they inculcate a sense of shame, and are in themselves a sufficient punishment; but whatever materially *hurts* a child, should never be in practice; yet how many mistresses of these common boarding-schools will for every offence keep a child without her breakfast, or dinner, or supper, perhaps all, according to her faults, and by starving the children, tho' paid for their board, destroy their health in the most cruel manner. I am always induced to think there are *double* motives for this unkind treatment, and that *private economy* is the reigning one. This severity can only be paralleled by another

## THE BUSY BODY.

ther of an opposite nature. Some school mistresses, who are very eminent too, make the children drink so many basons full of camomile tea, or some other medicinal portion, according to their faults, and till they finish the unmerciful draughts, deny them either to enter their presence, or partake of the general repast; is this *christian chastisement*? were they *mothers* themselves, they would not act so.

As I have now considered *how* they communicate their learning, let us next take a cursory view of *what* they teach.

After reading, writing, and acquiring the French language—young ladies to be all accomplished, are forthwith taught to sing and dance; of course, they must

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hold up their heads, turn out their toes, ogle, salute, and in short be perfect in all the *elegant refinements*. As an inducement to this, Sally is told she shall have a sweetheart; Maria be married to a lord; and Harriot become the envy of her sex; thus pride, vanity, and all those unbecoming seeds which should be carefully extracted, are on the contrary instilled in the minds of the young females; and it is very often the case, that the impatient Sally elopes with a footman; Maria, perhaps is married to an impostor; and the proud Harriot becomes an old maid.

Another inconvenience arises from these schools: there being no proper selection of entertaining books, for grammars, &c. are not entertaining, to employ the



## THE BUSY BODY. 15

the young misses time at *seasonable* intervals; the poor girls are left to make their own choice; and it being always in the way of trade to have a circulating library near a school, they apply all their pocket money to this seminary of nonsense, and by borrowing books, seize every opportunity to fill their heads with love and rhapsody. There is not among every hundred novels of the day, one fit to be read; how then is a young lady, or, perhaps, the untimely age of thirteen, to know which is the most proper? the titles are their only guide; and, surely, such affecting names as the *Sorrows of Werter*, *Unfortunate Lover*, *Cruel Disaster*, *Child of Wee*, &c. &c. are enough to tempt the more knowing to explore their insipid pages; from similar faragos what can be expected? Every  
young



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young man in church of a Sunday, who boasts of a good person, fine eyes, &c. is a second *George Trueman*; thus, instead of saying prayers, they are gazing for admirers, and no doubt will find a sufficiency to respond to their eyes; private intrigues, and a clandestine correspondence, perhaps, take place; the letters are so *natural*, like those in the *pretty* novels, all on love, that there can be no resistance; thus the poor parents receive their daughters home full of love, and all kind of romance; if upon discovery, they are severe, and confine them, they are then acting the parts of *cruel fathers*, and *unkind guardians*, so that the common remedies are immediately applied, and by means of ladders of ropes, or the cunning of Chambermaids, they elope with a set of fortune hunters,

## THE BUSY BODY. 15

hunters, like the celebrated heroines of This and That, in a series of letters. It must be therefore evident to every father of common understanding, that these boarding schools are very dangerous; the character of a school-mistress should be always enquired into, and the plan of her teaching be forthwith examined. It was in this manner that I at last found out a proper school, and for the satisfaction of PATER, will give an account of it:

The first class which contained the eldest ladies, were in the mornings employed at needle work; it being a rule that no lady, let her parentage be ever so good, shall leave this school without knowing the humble art of making a shirt, as well as to embroder.

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der, French lessons, *cum ceteris*, follow. In the evenings, they receive each a proper book of entertainment to read, such as Fielding's, Goldsmith's, Addison's Works, &c. these are to be read as they please, either to one another, or by themselves; and whoever gives the best account of what they read, are accordingly rewarded by their mistress; this encouragement is to make them attend to, and remember what they peruse. On particular days in the week, they are obliged to write letters to one another, on any subject, sometimes French, and sometimes English; by these means, the young ladies attain the former language better, and are able to write *their own* more correctly, than what is usually found from ladies of other schools.



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schools. Whenever there is any extraordinary genius found, she is immediately encouraged to pursue it; of course, some very pretty verses have appeared at the end of many of their letters; but the mistress has no notion of making girls to rhyme, when *poeta nascitur, non fit*.

This plan is reduced for those of the second and third class, according to their ages; and the youngest of all are properly instructed in spelling; they are never taught to write till they can read, at least lessons of two syllables, and never put into the French before they are acquainted with English.

Rewards



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Rewards, more than punishments, are used to encourage the young learners; the greatest attention is paid to their morals; they are taught decorum, without vanity, and instructed in all the necessary accomplishments; every refreshment is granted, and the care that they meet with, is more like that of a mother, than a mistress.

If Pater can find such another governess as this, he may send her his daughter with some safety; however, I cannot conclude this number without adding further observations, and addressing parents:

Every father and mother should first consider what they can give their daughters; if handsome fortunes, then it is  
their

their duty to make them all accomplished; but, if on the contrary, they should rather make them good *housewives*, than *fine ladies*. A fine lady is *above* all industry; if she be married to a gentleman of fortune, she is very much indebted to chance; but if after a long delay, she be united to one whose portion is small, she is a burthen, and of no service to her husband; both then must be miserable. If, therefore, the parents circumstances be not sufficiently good to allow her a handsome fortune, the daughter should be so educated as not to shame even a titled husband, should her beauty win one, nor be above industry, if unfortunately, a future time require it; it therefore behoves the father to seek for such a boarding-school, as I have found, and candidly inform the mistress what fort

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fort of a woman he wishes his daughter to be.

Could parents possibly contrive a private education, it is in my opinion, much better for young ladies, tho' a public one must be universally approved of for boys; let youths be ever so high in rank, they require connexions, and the sooner they learn ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> world, which is the most essential of lessons, they will be the better able to bear all its crosses; but a daughter never can be so well instructed at home, where the vigilant eyes of a parent can see she is properly taken care of, and that the masters who attend her, fulfil their duty. I am confident though, that this sort of education is not always convenient; the majority of young ladies must be sent to boarding-schools,



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schools, where I hope they will acquire all that their parents wish; and that the parents may wish all that is proper, less by a false notion of education, they meet the many disappointments of poor Clarinda, whose misfortunes shall commence in my succeeding number.

---

SATURDAY, FEB. 5TH, 1787. N<sup>O</sup> XVI.

---

*Hard is the fortune that the fair attends,*

*Women, like princes, find few real friends.*

INTRODUCTION.

**C**LARINDA was the daughter of a very worthy gentleman, who had spared no expence upon her education, her mother imagining that if this, her only child, was endowed with all the accomplishments necessary to make a fine lady, she could not fail in obtaining a good



good husband; accordingly Miss Harlowe, (as that was the young lady's name) became perfect mistress of the *belles lettres*; she play'd the harpsichord divinely, sung, and danc'd enchantingly; behaved with the utmost decorum, and was in short a *finished* lady.

After the dissolution of her father, she was entirely dependent upon Mrs. Harlowe, whose maternal regard for Clarinda, was always rewarded with unremitting obedience. Our heroine being now in her sixteenth year, it was the only wish of her mother to see her well provided for, before she followed her poor departed husband.

A young lady with all the beauty and accomplishments of Clarinda could not fail

fail in attracting many suitors; but it was, indeed, a matter of surprise how so finished a beauty could not meet with a deserving one. Alas! poor women are weak and defenceless, and therefore more exposed to insults and misfortunes.

Among the many who paid their addresses to Miss Harlowe, was a young gentleman, late of the university, whose family were rich and respectable.

Mrs. Harlowe not only countenanced this gentleman's addresses, but likewise urged her daughter to the same; she thought, as there was money already in the family, no fortune would be required with a wife; indeed, she estimated Miss Harlowe, on account of her education, to be worth at least ten thousand pounds  
to

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to any man, and flattered herself that this young gentleman would see the superior advantages of marrying Clarinda, in preference to a lady with a great fortune, who being, perhaps, ignorant and vulgar, could never make an agreeable wife.

Miss Harlowe was never averse to the repeated visits of Mr. Winworth, who, by the sagacious mother, was frequently left alone with Clarinda, to make whatever confessions of love the opportunity might induce him; but the youth was exceedingly cautious, and tho' he discoursed and visited with all the freedom of a lover, never once intimated a wish to be married. Miss Harlowe was rather embarrassed; the proposal could not come from her, and she was unwilling



unwilling to encourage the wishes of a man, without knowing his intentions!

Having now consulted her mother, and revealed all her fears; after some mutual observations, the young man's silence was attributed to his modesty.

"Poor soul!" cried Mrs. Harlowe, "he is so very diffident I know, that he is ashamed to propose; but time, and more frequent opportunities, will encourage him. I am confident, my dear, that you should not court him, but think you may drop a hint now and then of your esteem for him, and not being engaged."

Delicacy forbade obedience here. Clarinda could not prevail upon herself



to enquire the reason of Mr. Winworth's visits; her heart, was indeed, full, and desired to have vent, but over-ruled by a prudent punctilio, she submitted to the weight that oppressed it.

Mr. Winworth, by his assiduous visits, still gained ground in her esteem; and it was thought, indeed hoped by the mother and daughter, that he would soon conquer his modesty, and disclose his supposed affection.

The insinuating lover, having now, with the utmost politeness, begged her acceptance of his picture, Miss Harlowe received it with great pleasure; and next morning, by the advice of her mother, sent her own to the gentleman; this gave birth to many presents, while  
those

those of young Winworth's were so exceedingly valuable, not a doubt remained but what he sincerely loved her.

Were young ladies more prudent than they are, for the most prudent are too ready to give and receive, they would make it a rule never to exchange pictures, or accept any favour from a young gentleman, without knowing for what. It is a fatal condescension, which females too often repent of.

Miss Harlowe, notwithstanding her sense and prudence, was not aware of this; she thought the terms on which she was with Mr. Winworth, were so exceedingly friendly, that there could be no danger in giving and taking; but the danger followed:

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Mr. Winworth, one evening, having, according to custom, an opportunity of revealing his heart, behaved with more freedom than usual, and poor Clarinda thought within herself, that her modest lover had overcome his diffidence; alas! that he had lost all modesty, she had, indeed, good reason to conclude; for with the most consummate impudence, he seized her hand, and begged her, as she had now accepted his presents, to give him in return, her heart and antehymeneal love.

Miss Harlowe shocked at this unexpected proposal, withdrew her hand, and dreading the presence of a man, she once so dearly loved, rung the bell with uncommon rapidity, and summoning

the



THE BUSY BODY. 29

the servant, ordered the villain to be turned out.

Her indignation excited his vengeance, and he refused to quit her presence till every favour was restored.

"All, madam, but my picture I demand, and *that* you may keep for *yours*, which I mean to exhibit to my acquaintances, as the lady's who rejected my proposal."

Poor Miss Harlowe overcome with love and rage, refused to return any, without he accepted all, and restored hers; she repented of her past folly and credulity, and wished to have her picture again.



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What hours of uneasiness ensued; the vindictive Winworth sent continual messages by different gentlemen, demanding a restoration of his presents; thus did he publish the weakness of poor Clarinda, till at last, her mother, roused with the insolence of so worthless a being, made a collection of the paltry trinkets, and having sent her servant with the parcel, demanded a receipt on stamp'd paper, that she might have it to produce if occasion required.

It was sometime before Miss Haslowe could forget this cruelty; but variety gradually erased all remembrance of one so unworthy, and another lover now gain'd her attention.

He

He was a young gentleman, lately arrived from ———; his name Bernard, possessed of a very becoming person, added to engaging manners.

It was now the resolution of Mrs. Harlowe never to encourage the visits of any young man to her daughter without previously knowing his intentions. But this Bernard differed widely from Winworth; he at once avowed his love, his honorable love, and was more inclined to expedite than consider the matter.

A few days after this acquaintance commenced, Miss Harlowe was agreeably surpris'd with a letter from this young man; wherein were all the sacred protestations of a sincere lover; he could not live without her, he said, and his

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ruin would be inevitable if she rejected him.

Clarinda was still credulous, and notwithstanding she had a counsellor in her mother, was led into another error, for receiving and answering letters are almost as bad as giving and taking presents. After two or three more epistles from Mr. Bernard, all on the same *tender* subject, and requesting *some* answer, she was induced to reply, and delicately assured him she had no dislike to him, but begged he would not urge the affair till a more permanent acquaintance took place.

This was all Mr. Bernard wanted; he became a constant visitor, and practised every wile to win the good opinion of  
her



her mother, while Mrs. Harlowe, with all the penetration she was mistress of, studiously enquired into the family of the young man, and examined well his disposition.

But who can read the heart of a man, except his wife? she, because she is always with him, and at the moments his mind is the most ruffled, can better tell whether he be patient, or impatient, good natur'd, or ill temper'd, than those who see and converse with him for but a few hours, when perhaps, he comes to partake of an entertainment, and consequently puts on his best looks with his best cloaths; it is too often the case, that men are abroad, what they never are at home.

It



It being the determination of Mrs. Harlowe, that no man should again make sport of her daughter, she was resolved to speak to Mr. Bernard, on the earliest opportunity, and enquire what time he wished the marriage to be consummated.

Tho' this question was somewhat sudden, Mr. Bernard replied with apparent delight, that whenever it pleased Miss Harlowe, it was agreeable to him; he hoped she would take pity on his love, his honest disinterested love, and make the time as soon as possible; then, lavish in her praise, commended her charms and merit.

“Yes, said the old candid mother, I  
“have taken care of her education,  
“which I defy any to surpass; it was  
“all

“all that I could give my daughter, and  
 “I was resolved that ~~she~~ should be  
 “good; I assure you, sir, that I have  
 “nothing else to give her.”

The countenance of the young man,  
 upon this confession, betrayed much  
 astonishment; he hesitated in his reply,  
 and without knowing what he said, de-  
 clared that Miss Harlowe was a fortune  
 in herself.

“I am very glad you think so, ex-  
 “claimed the mother, for she has no  
 “other fortune indeed.”

Mr. Bernard made no further obser-  
 vations, but taking his leave, departed  
 in rather an abrupt manner.

Mrs. Harlowe was not altogether pleased with his conduct, yet, unwilling to alarm her daughter till she was assured of Mr. Bernard's infidelity. At last, a letter from this *honest disinterested lover* to Miss Harlowe was a sufficient explanation of his sudden departure, wherein, after some preparatory excuses, he proceeds in the following manner:

“ It was natural for me to expect that  
 “ a lady of your education had a fortune ; for in my opinion, and notwithstanding your good mother's contrary  
 “ supposition, a *fine lady* requires a very  
 “ considerable income to support her  
 “ grandeur ; and as I cannot boast of a  
 “ sufficiency to keep up *that*, and maintain us too, (which makes me ineffably sorry for your sake) I must  
 “ beg



" beg leave to decline the intended mar-  
 " riage, and, notwithstanding my *as-*  
 " *sented passion* for you, resign all claim  
 " to perhaps a more deserving object,  
 " &c.

No sooner had Clarinda perused this  
 unexpected scrole, than she threw it into  
 the fire, and turning round to her mo-  
 ther, exclaimed, " There, madam, his  
 " letter is now an emblem of his love:  
 " the flame is bright for a moment,  
 " and in a moment it decays."

TUESDAY,

---

TUESDAY, FEB. 8th, 1787, N° XVII.

---

*Unhappy sex, whose beauty is your snare,  
Exposed to trials, made too frail to bear.*

DRYDEN.

**M**ANY admirers of the same description of Winworth and Bernard paid their addresses, till at last tired of their vain and capricious follies, poor Clarinda was resolved to hear no more. Mrs. Harlowe fearing the hour of her dissolution was near, became the more anxious for her daughter's happiness; and whether for the sake of acquaintances, or thro' a decrease of fortune, the Busy Body knows not, but in the decline of her life the old woman lett the chief part of her house to gentlemen, whose characters were approved of.

Clarinda

Clarinda was indulged in every wish'd for amusement; she attended balls, assemblies, &c. and on account of her superior charms, was no doubt, surrounded by all the little sparks in the room; but prudence, her guide, she pushed the insignificant butterflies away.

Amid these gaieties of life, Clarinda was more happy in obtaining a friend than a lover. Lady Bell, a widow, that had been married a few years to a lord of distinction, saw and admired our heroine for her many distinguished accomplishments: an intimacy was no sooner contracted, than she was invited to Lady Bell's house, while Mrs. Harlowe, willing that her daughter should see as much *life* as possible, readily gave consent.

These



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These may, perhaps, be deemed the most happy of Clarinda's days; so far her education availed her, that she was now blest with the friendship of a good and valuable woman.

Though many young gentlemen frequented the house of Lady Bell, yet all the youthful charms and merit of our heroine were totally eclipsed by the vast fortune and superior rank of the widow; however, Clarinda had ample satisfaction for the late insults she received from Winworth and Bernard; these among the rest visited Lady Bell; and upon the friendly confession of Clarinda, were discarded by her ladyship with merited contempt: the one for his impertinence, and the other for his meanness; thus, young gentlemen should be ever careful  
how

how they insult virtue for fear of being themselves *insulted*, and promise to marry where there are any doubts of fulfilling it.

Clarinda remained a few weeks with her new friend, and no doubt would have made it months at the instigation of her ladyship, did not a letter from Mrs. Harlowe request her immediate return. It seems this good woman with maternal anxiety, was still studious for the welfare of her child, and during her absence, having lett her first and second floor, genteely furnished, to two gentlemen, friends to each other, she hoped to find a son-in-law in one.

“ These young gentlemen, (she added in her letter,) are in the Temple; their names

names Loveit and Gransbury: Gransbury she supposed to be the *man of property*, because he affected so much consequence, and always lolled at home, while the other was abroad about his business; besides, he has told me, (continued Mrs. Harlowe,) that his father was nearly related to the Duke of —, his mother was the daughter of an Earl, and in short, there are four Baronets, eight Counts, and many other titles in his family. I was surpris'd, to find that a gentleman of so great a family, lived in such a retired manner, but he had reasons, he told me, for being private, and therefore declined lodging at the Temple, as was usual with young barristers; his cotemporary has some literary employment; he writes much, and goes out frequently; always attends the  
Parliament



Parliament House, and comes home exceedingly late."

Mrs. Harlowe proceeded in some further remarks, at last concluded with a request, that her daughter would come home, as Mr. Granbury, who frequently drinks tea with the old lady, intimated a wish to see her.

Clarinda, more to oblige her mother than satisfy any natural curiosity, prepared to take leave of Lady Bell; indeed this young lady disgusted with the behaviour of her late admirers, was almost reconciled to a single life; yet as Mrs. Harlowe wished her to marry, she was unwilling to make any resolution. It was with much difficulty Lady Bell would suffer her departure, but Clarinda,

da, to prove the urgency, shew'd her mother's letter.

The name of Gransbury fill'd Lady Bell with evident dismay; in vain she attempted to disguise her sorrow, but on Miss Harlowe's discovery of a sudden change, confessed she was once acquainted with that gentleman, she knew him to be the same, she said, on account of the mention of his family, and his wish to become a barrister, but evaded any further explanation, by declaring he was once a particular friend of her departed husband, the remembrance of which, recalled her former happiness. Clarinda naturally enquired his character, on which she expatiated largely, all tending to say he was a sensible, amiable man; but she thought it her duty, to add, that  
he

he was young and affluent, and may, no doubt, be tempted to commit fashionable follies, as well as the most volatile of his sex. and Miss Bell saw also all the new fashions, and the latest in vogue.

Clarinda was thankful for this friendly hint, and taking a tender adieu, enjoined Lady Bell to come and see her often, insuring her a warm reception from her mother; but her ladyship, tho' exceedingly grateful for the compliment, would give no positive answer.

Mrs. Harlowe, on her daughter's return, was very assiduous about Mr. Gransbury, his friend, being according to custom, at the Parliament House. Clarinda confessed to her mother what Lady Bell had said of him, at last, by the



the old woman's invitation, the young gentleman came down in the evening.

His dress was elegant, but his *address* awkward, indeed! in short, there was something in him, discovered by Clarendon, which spoke him the very reverse of what Lady Bell had said.

For several minutes together, Mr. Gransbury was silent, while Miss Harlowe, with painful anxiety, started many subjects: she frequently asked his opinion upon new publications; he declined giving any, by making a candid confession of his inability; this *modest* behaviour endeared him to the old woman, who was now assured of his learning, especially as every little story he told, began

## THE BUSY BODY. 47

began with "when I was at the College, Ma'am."

On the return of Mr. Loveit, who came in rather unexpectedly, because of a sudden adjournment in the house, Mr. Granbury became more loquacious, for his orator friend would not only help him out in every story, but prompt him what he should say.

Mr. Loveit was quite the contrast of his friend, full of words and compliments; besides, he was one of the wits of the age, who made *fools* laugh; his entertaining stories consisted of meer lies, and his facetious jests were personal scandal; the defects of a neighbour—of a friend indeed! were the general subjects of his mirth; he was a happy imitator  
of

### 48 THE BUSY BODY.

of crooked necks and broken backs; though he would deride this in another, and exercise his art of punning against any man who joked on another's deformities, if a wooden leg, by telling him, perhaps, his subject was a *lame one*; but no offence could be ever taken with Mr. Loveit, for poor soul, whatever he said, *there was no harm in it*, being an *bumbugger*, his lies were excusable, a *wit*, his impertinence pardonable, and a *writer*, of service to the public; for he is a reporter of the parliamentary debates, and so very ingenious indeed, that sometimes he can write them without being in the house at all. Several members who are on the side that he is, are indebted to him for very learned speeches; while notwithstanding the eloquence of others, he can make them all  
dumb



found, omit the p; and why is *dead*  
*corpse* deem'd a repetition? is not *corps*  
 in French a *body*, whence our *corps* (a  
*body* of soldiers) is derived, and is not  
*corpus*, in Latin, whence the other *corpse*,  
 only a *body* too?

Your time, Mr. Busy Body, must be  
 very precious, I will no longer encroach  
 upon it: the considerations I have made,  
 will, I hope, be sufficient, and that they  
 may be the means of purifying our lan-  
 guage, and abolishing improper phrases,  
 is the sincere prayer of

Your humble servant,

SCHOLASTICUS.

Mr. BUSY BODY.

There is nothing upon earth I hate so  
 much as *fine* learning; to be too correct

D

is

is, I think, *very* foolish, and I must acknowledge that when in company with pedants, I am awkward and afraid to speak. I am not ashamed of my education, being well versed in all the classics, yet, I may be guilty of a *lapsus lingue*, as well as the most ignorant; I hate to be ostentatious, and think it an affront to my company to introduce fine words, or Latin phrases; in short, to adhere always to grammar; for if I do too strictly, I must, in the eyes of the fair at least, appear very unmannerly. I know the first person to be more worthy than the second; but what would Stella think if I said to her, “ Shall *I* and *you*, “ my dear, take a game of cribbage?” “ Between *me* and *you* I am very fond of “ *you*.” I am sure the young lady must think, spite of my precision, that I was  
fonder

sonder of myself. The first person is more worthy than the third top; yet, if I am talking of one that is in *rank* *more* *worthy* than myself, shall I, for the sake of grammar, precede him. I live, in Piccadilly, Mr. Busy Body, and if I should say to a friend, "I, and the Duke of Devonshire, live in the same street," might not he think with great propriety, and, notwithstanding my grammatical propriety too, that I was very conceited?

It is my maxim, Mr. Busy Body, to adapt my discourse according to the comprehension of the persons I am talking to; if giving directions to my servant, I make use of those words, which, to an inferior understanding, are the most intelligible; to ladies I endeavour to be correctly polite, and when I have the



honor of conversing with a scholar, I am then upon my guard not to make any very considerable lapses. In writing I attempt the neat rather than sublime style, for fear I may mistake the road, and instead of sublimity enter that of bumbast. In short, I would endeavour to avoid all that rigid exactness of great scholars, who make grammar a toil, and render perfection after all *imperfect*. A deviation from politeness, or assumption of literary consequence, is, I think, far more reprehensible than a sacrifice of a small grammatical rule when good manners require it.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PUNCTILIO.

Tho'

## THE BUSY BODY. 33

Tho' paradoxical as it may seem, I agree with both SCHOLASTICUS and PUNCTILIO. These false expressions, which my former friend observes, should certainly be abolished; and yet, with due respect to PUNCTILIO, no man should make himself a rigid critic, or severe grammarian. I will make one observation, by which I will prove myself a friend to both correspondents; if speaking to my servants, (as PUNCTILIO observes) I would say, "Make memoranda of such and such a thing," tho' as SCHOLASTICUS remarks, I would never write any thing but *memoranda*; in like manner, I would say to my washerwoman: "There are so many *neck-handkerchiefs*," but if giving orders to my linen-draper, I would certainly make

D 3

the distinction between *handkerchiefs* and *neck-kercchiefs*.

SCHOLASTICUS is very right about **AUTHORESS**: it is a false, a pompous motion, and for that reason, (as would Punctilio, I am sure,) I would abolish it; in like manner, they say a *poetess* and *poetrefs*, but equally absurd. Author, poet, bard, writer, player, performer, &c. signify either sex; we have an exception indeed in *actor*, which implies only a male performer; for in the Roman days (as the majority of my readers most certainly know) the characters of plays, on their first institution were all fill'd by men, who were then entitled actors; but on the introduction of women, to support the female parts, the distinction of *actresses* took place.

“ A



"A little learning" as Pope in my motto says, "is a *dangerous* thing," for when a man has a smattering of this and that, he thinks himself more sensible than he really is, and by a confusion of words, half Greek, Latin, French and English, absolutely speaks in no language at all; it is to this superficial knowledge we owe the number of false words, which being introduced as new and proper, have corrupted our language.

The following lines which I have received from a *very learned* correspondent are herewith inserted, not as an example of taste and elegance, but to show the follies of a pedantic writer.

36 THE BUSY BODY.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

By admitting the following *interjections* of love in *conjunction* with your other favours, whenever you find a *declension* of matter, you will exceedingly oblige

A NOUN SUBSTANTIVE PROPER.

To Cowslip.

I write to Cowslip where *cor meum jacet*,  
 And she must read my lines *si sibi placeat*,  
 Oh let your love-sick Lingo humbly move,  
 A poor petitioner for Cowslip's love ;  
 'Tis Lingo *sequitur*, like Sol who burns  
*Hæu mihi* 'till my Cowslip dear returns ;  
 All love for thee I'd evermore *decline*,  
 Tho' *amor patriæ* be most divine,  
 That love *pro bono publico* is shown,  
 But mine *pro bono Cowslip* is alone.  
 For ever do I wish, and sigh, and pray,  
 Your *optative* admirer every day.

O mi-

# THE BUSY BODY, 97

*O misere mei*, 'tis a story,  
 To say I'm old or a *memento mori*;  
 It so, to wed I should not be so bold,  
 We ought not join the young ones to the old,  
 'Tis a *falsa concord*, and must never be,  
 But in this *case* a young man governs thee;  
*Spes* made me *scribere*; I'd not appear  
 To have the utmost *particle* of fear;  
 As you're the fairest I have ever seen,  
 Have I not plac'd you 'fore the Cyprian queen?  
 And *Ergo*, hope this *preposition* will  
 Make Cowslip love me and not wish me ill;  
 I'm not so *singular* but I would wed,  
 To have the *plural number* in my bed;  
 And being then so handsome, neat and slender,  
 The *optima* of all the *fem'ine gender*;  
 For a *conjunction copulative* I sigh,  
 Till we engender, *id est*, multiply;  
 As a *noun adjective* so restless grown  
*Per Herculen*, I cannot stand alone;  
 But if we're married, as I hope we'll be,  
 Tho' man and wife for ever we'll agree,



## THE BUST BODY.

For I will love you, love you *bona fide*,  
 From every Saturday to every Friday;  
*Nosce teipse* did the wife man say,  
 I know myself for ever yours each day;  
 My soul, my heart, all, all do I resign,  
*Vix ea nostra Voco*, they are thine;  
 Then will you wed? say yes, and don't perplex;  
 No is the *Lapsus linguae* of your sex.  
 Let's lay the little *negative* aside,  
 And be your *phupper* Lingo's lawful bride;  
 Then *teneatis risum O Amici*?  
 How like a Cæsar, *Veni Vidi Vici*!  
 In *propriis personis* we will strut,  
*Et cum victoria*, what a figure cut.  
 But if you will Miss-*construe* all I said,  
 And cruelly refuse to share my bed;  
 What grief could then be similar to this,  
 Cou'd any *temperet a lachrymis*?  
 As sad as was the Mantuan Bard's *Æneas*,  
 As heavy as the *Quem dixere Cbaos*;  
*At si fert Animus* to make me blest,  
 Superlative delight will be express;

# THE BUSY BODY 99

I'll give you proof *depones* of my love, *depones*  
 To your *deponent* then propitious prove, *depones*  
 Who but for you this tedious life endures, *depones*  
 As in all *moods* and *figures* he is yours; *depones*  
 'Twill be a *participle* of my bliss, *depones*  
 If you be *passive*, oh my love in this, *depones*  
 No starry Argus shall outdo my care, *depones*  
 I will be vigilant, and keep my faith, *depones*  
 And ever will, whenever we shall greet, *depones*  
*Gaudeo te bene esse* in the street. *depones*  
 You shall not want for ev'ry kind protection, *depones*  
 For I will bounce at every *interjection*, *depones*  
 Angry or pleased, ill-humoured or serene, *depones*  
 I'll be the very *mood* that you are in, *depones*  
 And when you speak after our *conjugation*, *depones*  
 I'll patient wait your speech's *termination*, *depones*  
 Perhaps you've other lovers;—I your first, *depones*  
 Must bow to fortune and be ever curst, *depones*  
 If this be true, O *vice versa*, then, *depones*  
 Shall I remain th' unhappiest of men; *depones*  
 Yet still in *syntax* there's a rule to call, *depones*  
 Every *first person* worthier than all, *depones*

## 60 THE BUSY BODY.

Let *Ego* be the *person* shares your bed,  
*Ille* or *Illi* any other wed.  
 Perhaps they're *dunces* who would only banter,  
 For now, O *mores*! *tempora mutantur*.  
 These *passive* fellows shall to me submit,  
 As I am *active*, for my Cowslip fit.  
 Never love such as are too dull and silly,  
 But still be mine, thou sweet as is the lilly.  
 But *nota bene*; for you may suppose  
 I mean the lilly in the garden grows;  
 No little flower can my heart enamour,  
 My lilly fair one is the LILLY's grammar.  
 I'll teach you love for love, and be your tutor,  
 Not partial nor impartial, but be *neutral*.  
 And every favour Cowslip *esse dignum*,  
 Shall be yours, every favour *nunc ecce signum*.  
 I'll sign the *articles* of marriage now,  
 And prove my passion with a solemn vow.  
 For I have studied the *eight parts* of speech,  
 In proper *phrases*, Cowslip to beseech.  
 Yes I have *parts* to supplicate the fair,  
 O may my *parts* prevail as I'm sincere.

As



THE BUSY BODY, 6x

As I have been your (*praterperfect*) lover,  
And will be (in the *future tense*) moreover.  
Love is a debt which to my passion you owe,

*Hac animo concipe dicta tuo.*

Be not irregular like *Sam* inclined,  
Some who are prudes and never will be kind,  
But let your airs and coyness be declined.  
Let what I've written *satis* proof afford,

And nominate your lover wedded lord,

With positive intent let us unite

Our comparative passions shall delight,

To the superlative degree all night.

*Lege et ama*, while your love-sick swain,

*Domina Cowslip*,

*Certo* will remain,

Till Death which makes the Beggar and the  
King go,

*Ad infinitum*,

Your's sincerely,

LINGO.

## 61 THE BUSY BODY.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9th, 1787. N° IV.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
Corpora.* OVID.

**Y**ESTERDAY I was exceedingly busy, in order to furnish matter for the present number; but the approaching masquerade having engrossed the attention of all my friends, and I suppose my correspondents, little or nothing remained for my observance; in this half-satisfied manner I went to bed, invoking Somnus, with all the fervency of anxiety, to close my eyes in peace, and his minister Morpheus, to assist me with his visionary thoughts, that out of a dream I might produce a number.

The

The critic may say, that he has seen so many things of this kind, there can be nothing novel in them; it would be a difficult task, indeed, were every number of the Busy Body to be written on new subjects. The times and follies of fashion, I allow, will furnish us now and then with original themes; but a writer of a periodical publication, like your very humble servant, the Busy Body, must, sometimes, borrow thoughts from his predecessors, for the sake of adding and improving; and if his successors think they can do the same by him, they have his hearty wishes for their *success*.

Notwithstanding the rigor of critics, and divers relations of dreams, I will endeavour to entertain my friends with an account of one which last night, hap-



py for the present number I had. As to the interpretation, I leave that for my old-women-readers to find out. The lovers of masquerades will, no doubt, reap some entertainment, and if among the medley of characters I mean to display, they happen to find any that will suit their taste, I hope, on the approaching day of merriment, they may be able to support them; for my part, satisfied with the masquerade I was at last night, which I think will equal any in *fancy*, I mean to stay at home and cater for the public, while others flock to the Pantheon, and are merry..

The preface of my dream I will leave out; for all was so sudden, that, Presto, by the conjuration of that hiccius-docius Morpheus, I was in a masquerade room;  
my

my dress a domino; and it being the first time that I participated mirth of this sort, I strutted about with many consequential airs, and so far indeed fill'd the character of a *lord*.

The diversity of the scene was charming; all seem'd, as it was indeed, enchantment; one character in particular, attended by several old men, some of them Græcians, attracted my notice; her dress was nothing grand, but very neat; she had a book in her right hand, and a roll of paper in the other; she wish'd indeed to speak to many, but whenever she attempted a conversation, they all ran away, some laughing with contempt, and others shrugging their shoulders. I was resolv'd to speak to



her ; but the offer was sufficient, she spoke first —

“ I am ready to converse with any  
 “ body that courts my company ; my  
 “ name is *Wisdom*, and these my at-  
 “ tendants are the wise men of Greece,  
 “ and others of my followers.”

I bow'd with the greatest submission ;  
 and as I wished to be *wise*, requested  
 leave to walk with her, she not only  
 granted but was pleased with my desire,  
 and being thus blessed with such a *know-*  
*ing* friend, I easily learned the names of  
 every strange character.

Several ludicrous figures now engaged  
 our attention ; but I remarked, while  
 my sapient friend was giving me every  
 information,



# THE BUSY BODY. 47

information, a very particular one stood behind us; its left side was covered over with eyes, and the other with ears; if we spoke, its right side was next us, and whenever we did any thing the Lynx's eyes were upon us; addressing *Wisdom*, I said, "Who in the name of wonder can this be."

"What? not know *Curiosity*? I am amazed, surely, surely, the eyes and ears of this busy impertinent creature are every where."

While *Wisdom* was saying this, *Curiosity* prick'd up her ears; but piqued at my friend's delineation of her character, departed with vexation.

"There

“There, continued *Wisdom*, she is  
 “gone away in anger, and verifies the  
 “old proverb; listeners never hear any  
 “good of themselves.”

A whimsical being next caught our attention, no constancy in dress, nor uniformity in manners; yet dress and manners were seemingly its only objects. I observed, that every now and then it changed the most immaterial parts of its dress, studied new modes of appearing singular, and was to every old man in the room the very butt of ridicule.

*Wisdom*, on enquiry, told me this was *Fashion*; a meer coxcomb indeed; but then the utility of the creature was apparent; “you see, my friend, continued she, how the taylor, milliner, jew-  
 “ellers,

“ellers, &c. flock round it, (I say it  
 “because it belongs to both sexes)  
 “while *Fashion*, as you may observe,  
 “sticks to those very great people of  
 “distinction, whose purses are able to  
 “support it. Its votaries are chiefly  
 “proud, and notwithstanding their con-  
 “sequence, insignificant; but when we  
 “consider that those great-little people  
 “have nothing else to do but to mind  
 “*Fashion*, by whose means commerce  
 “rears her head, and money circulates,  
 “we think ourselves rather obliged to  
 “this *thing* for giving them so much  
 “employ.”

While my friend was thus conversing,  
 I perceived *Autolicus*, the singing ped-  
 lar, among those jewellers who were fol-  
 lowing *Fashion*; and I confess I was not  
 a lit-



700 THE RUBY BODY.

a little pleased with the following ballad,  
which he sung, addressing the subject of  
our present remarks :

Fashion, little suppliant thing,  
What in *Fashion* did thee bring,  
That the gentlefolks should make  
Such a fuss, for *Fashion sake*,  
Why large buckles, why the small,  
Why no buckles now at all?  
If the matter right I take,  
*Alamode, for Fashion sake.*

One time this, and one time that,  
Now a large, then little hat,  
Fight a duel, life at stake!  
Kill and die, for *Fashion sake*.

Why the Jew 'gainst Christian set,  
Why the rings, and why the bet,  
Square the fist, the noddle break,  
'Tis a match for *Fashion sake*.

See the misses full of glee;  
How they sip and sip their tea,

Not

Not a word will they take, or better than

They must fall for *Fashion's* sake.

See the man's fall of pride, how he

Swears and swaggers, and how he

How they swagger, and the take,

Curse and swear, for *Fashion's* sake.

Eckle *Fashion*, why this fute,

Acting and behaving thus.

Must the wife your whims partake

And be fool, for *Fashion's* sake?

But I see, the reason's plain.

Trade will have the greater gain,

Milliners and taylors make

Longer bills, for *Fashion's* sake.

We were now amused from *Fashion*

by a train of approaching figures, which

for their appearance and manners were

not less remarkable; the foremost seemed

very dejected and unhappy, yet at times,

this forlorn character would turn about,

and

and attend to every tale that was related; among the followers there was a strange mask indeed, which to behold for any length of time, became very disagreeable; under a veil which cover'd the head, I perceived two faces, the one seemingly good-natured, and the other visibly malicious; by the side of the former, walk'd another masque, whose face was all smiles, and his action, bows and kisses; by the side of the malicious face there was another figure, whose countenance indeed corresponded with its neighbours; several others followed.

I was very anxious to know their characters, which my friend perceiving, thus proceeded:

“The



“ The first that you have seen is *Cred-*  
 “ *ulity*, an unhappy wretch, who for  
 “ want of some of *my* experience, has  
 “ met with no little distress; yet such  
 “ the insatiation of this deluded being,  
 “ that still, my friend, it is the easy  
 “ prey of those that follow. Among  
 “ the train that haunt the steps of poor  
 “ *Credulity*, is *Disimulation*, who carries  
 “ as you see, *two faces under a hood*. To  
 “ assist that seemingly good-natured  
 “ one, *Flattery* attends, whose false  
 “ smiles and caresses seldom fail in at-  
 “ taining their ends. But on the side  
 “ of the malicious face is *Treachery*, and  
 “ *Treachery* my friend is the end of all  
 “ *Disimulation*; it is needless to enu-  
 “ merate the other attendants; suffice  
 “ it to say, that they are sycophants,  
 “ the children of *Flattery* and *Treachery*,

E

“ and

74 THE BUSY BODY.

“ and best known by the names of *De-*  
 “ *ceit, Villainy, and Art*; notwithstanding  
 “ the smiles of *Flattery*, you may see  
 “ that she is impudent, her words are  
 “ sweet ’till swallowed, and then the  
 “ bitterness of *Irony* proves the issue,  
 “ they are all vague, and her promises  
 “ mere breath and air; the good-nature  
 “ she boasts of is foreign from her heart,  
 “ for it is so hard, benevolence can ne-  
 “ ver soften it; in short, my friend, I  
 “ will give you her character in four  
 “ lines:

“ How Flattery with *iron* heart,  
 “ And *braxen* front appears,  
 “ Her *silver* tongue will oft impart  
 “ The *golden* words it bears.”

Indeed I pitied *Credulity*, but I was  
 so disgusted with the other characters,  
 that

that I turn'd my head aside, in pursuit of more objects.

The superb elegance of a malk, who stood several minutes smiling and beckoning to me, won my sole attention; she was attended with Venus, Bacchus, and all the gods and goddesses of mirth and jollity; her beckons she continued, and pointing over to a table which was surrounded with toppers and gamesters, appeared extremely anxious for my company.

“ Stay, cried I to my friend, I must know what this lady wants.——”

But *Wisdom* holding the skirt of my coat, look'd sternly at me.——



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“ And is it possible she said, would  
“ you desert me for *Pleasure*? oh, my  
“ friend, her smiles, her beckons are  
“ delusion; she always courts the com-  
“ pany of youth, and sends them to  
“ that table of *Ruin and Dissipation*!”

*Wisdom* would have said more upon  
this subject, but, interrupted by a great  
horse-laugh, we look'd about, and I  
perceived an odd sort of a fellow in a  
motley coat, running away as fast as  
ever he could; I was gazing for some  
time, but my friend would not let me.

“ Don't mind him; 'tis *Folly*, my ene-  
“ my, who dearly loves to hear himself  
“ laugh; but always takes to his heel when  
“ he sees me.”

There

## THE BUSY BODY. 77

There was a scuffle now about a few yards off; I would have ran to discover the cause of it, but my friend told me I should never join a mob; on enquiring of our neighbours, we heard that it was a box between *Honor* and an *Impostor*; I was very anxious to hear all about it; and the story which we afterwards learned from a bye-stander, was as follows:

“ *Honor*, who by all accounts, is a  
 “ very upright honest gentleman, and  
 “ never slow in rewarding merit, found  
 “ a knave who had assumed his name and  
 “ habit for the sake of executing the  
 “ most infamous designs which he had  
 “ afterwards the effrontery to swear, upon  
 “ *Honor*, he was not guilty of; thus ori-  
 “ ginated the scuffle.—“ If you are  
 “ *Honor*, cried the real character to the

E. 3.

“ impostor,

“ impostor, why do you break your  
 “ promises? why not pay the debts you  
 “ have contracted, as well as you are  
 “ able.” “ Sir, returned the other,  
 “ my debts are discharged; what man  
 “ has won of me at *banard*, *billiards*, or  
 “ any other *game* that was not *honorably*  
 “ paid?” “ Scoundrel, returned the  
 “ other, don’t you see your taylor, shoe-  
 “ maker, and several others with their  
 “ bills in their hands, which you have  
 “ promised six months ago to pay.”  
 “ On saying this, tho’ in the presence of  
 “ all the other’s friends, some of whom I  
 “ was told had *the honor* of titles; he  
 “ gave the *impostor* a most severe kick-  
 “ ing, and charged him never to use his  
 “ name again as long as he lived.”

It



It is impossible for me to enumerate all the other characters; my memory, indeed, is not sufficient for a minute relation; suffice it to say, that among many which have escaped recollection, I saw *Virtue* and *Vice*; the former, tho' simple, very engaging, and the latter, notwithstanding an alluring appearance, very disgusting. *Satire* appeared with a rod in his hand; but by his conversing now and then with *Envy*, my friend gave me the hint that his lashes were not always just. *Slander* I perceived very busy; to those who saw her she was fair and courteous; but when their backs were turned, she diverted herself with making all the game possible, and speaking of them in the most opprobrious terms. There were *Wits* in abundance, but the majority of them *false*; yet, as a testi-

mony of their *superior* abilities, these handed about several manuscripts, containing *low puns, acrostics*; and some *occasional songs*. I was surprised to see *false wit* so much courted in preference to *real*; but the reason was evident; the nobility hearing that *false wit* had written for *magazines* and *papers*, concluded *their* abilities must be superior. My friend *Wisdom*, however, was soon sick of their fulsome conversation. *Avarice* was a most excellent masque; he had care and sorrow painted in his wrinkled face. *Pride* strutted about with a majestic air, and looks of the greatest contempt; yet, notwithstanding all his consequence, he met little or no respect. *Assurance* put his nose every where; his masque was made of brass, and he never wanted any thing for asking, while humble *Modesty*

## THE BUSY BODY. 81

*deftly* fat at a respectful diftance; ſhe was remarkably ſilent, and exceedingly polite; a beautiful creature indeed, but often difconcerted by the freedoms of *Affurance*, who, notwithstanding the company in the room, paid his addrefſes to her in the moſt familiar manner. Poor *Modesty*, now and then, applied her fan, to conceal the bluſh of fear and diffidence, not ſo high coloured as that of guilt, but exceedingly becoming. I cannot directly ſay what followed between them, for my attention was preſently drawn aſide by a group of maſques altogether intereſting. *Wiſdom* told me they were *the Paſſions*; *Hope* ſmiled all round her; *Revenge* frowned; *Deſpair* courted the knife of ſuicide; *Ambition*, with an air of frenzy, graſp'd at ſhadows; *Joy* laugh'd, *Melancholy* wept, *Anger* ſtamp'd,



8. THE BUSY BODY.

stamp'd, and made a violent noise; but  
*Love*, in milder tones, told his soft tale,  
and won our attention. All had their  
attendants, *Mirth*, *Harmony*, *Discord*;

*Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est,*

With many others, which to write,  
Would fill a sheet of paper quite.

I was very sorry to see poor *Merit* in  
humble attire; he was paying his ad-  
dresses to managers, and others, who,  
notwithstanding all his submission and  
genius, frown'd upon him; not so, with  
*Plagiarist*; caressed by the great ones, he  
strutted about with borrow'd consequence,  
and wore a dress much fitter for *Merit*  
than for him. There was a *Toad-eater*,  
who was stripping his friend, and de-  
vouring all that he had. I confess my  
heart recoil'd at the infamy of this lazy  
wretch.

## THE BUSY BODY. 13

wretch. I wonder'd how the other could be fool enough to let him waste his substance, and live thus upon the fruits of his honest industry. Oh for a rod of justice (thought I) to drive these hangers-on to a house of work, and let them know how difficult it is to earn that bread, which, when another's, they so wantonly consume! *Friendship* appeared, but it was a great while before I saw her, which *Wisdom* remarked was a proof of her scarcity. She came to me when a private opportunity offer'd, told me my faults with candor, and reprov'd me with sincerity; offer'd me her assistance unask'd, if ever I wanted it; and when she heard of any distress, shared the sympathetic tear. Behind her stood *Gratitude*, a most heavenly figure; she made her acknowledgements of all the

E 6                      favours

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favours of *Friendship*, and while she spoke, tears of sensibility glistened in her eyes.

The last masque that I thought remarkable was *Content*; she was as scarce as *Friendship*, and staid for the greatest part of the time with peasants, nymphs, and swains; several of the nobility courted her, but she fled with such rapidity they could not overtake her; and if they did, she remain'd for a moment, and then escaped their retention with equal agility. In short, she appeared to me like a little enchantress; for so quick were her motions, it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep her in view.

On



## THE BUSY BODY. 85

On asking my friend, *Wisdom*, the reason of her inconstancy, I was told that very few in the world deserved her.

While my friend was thus expatiating on the demerits of the people, I saw *Mischief* at a distance: he was grinning with self-satisfaction, and seem'd delighted with his own intentions, thinking that he meant me some harm, I changed sides with my friend.

“ *Content*, continued *Wisdom*, is a  
“ little enchantress indeed; for the hap-  
“ piness of this world is at best mo-  
“ mentary and precarious: to-day we  
“ are gay, to-morrow sad: What then  
“ is *Content*? what is it like? indeed,  
“ my friend, I can give you no better  
“ simile, than —

Here

## 88 THE BUSY BODY.

Here *Mischief*, while my attention was thus taken up, gave me such a knock on the head that I awoke immediately; never was I more vexed in all my life; I, that was so happy in the masquerade-room, to find myself thus cheated and in bed. Had *Wisdom* finished her speech, perhaps I would not have been so much displeased; but now I was left to find out the simile myself; however, recollecting the past, I thought myself indebted to *Mischief* for confirming what I am sure *Wisdom* was going to say. I, that was so happy, found my happiness, *A Dream.*

Awake now to consideration, I passed the remainder of the night in serious reflections; and after a few comments upon dreams produced the following

NIGHT

THE BUSY BODY. 57  
NIGHT THOUGHTS, OR NIGHT  
THOUGHTS.

Dreams are mere shadows, all ideal,  
And while they last appear most real ;  
More than thy searching beams of day,  
By silent night's black mantle may  
The dreamer know his inmost thoughts,  
And in *Mel's* mirror see his faults.  
Now how the lawyer weighs his *fee*,  
Beholding what he *cannot see* !  
He has the brief, but very *brief*,  
It steals away so like a thief !  
He opens his eyes, a sad mistake !  
Ere he can open his mouth to speak !  
No brief, nor *fee*, for all his pains,  
And nothing but the dream remains,  
So can the juggler, by his art,  
Impose upon the easy heart ;  
He puts some money in' our hand,  
We hold it fast at his command ;  
'Tis gone, 'tis vanish'd in a minute,  
We think the very devil in it !  
No money now the hand retains,  
And nothing but surprise remains !

The



# 88 THE BUSY BODY

The lover, of what joy posses,  
 With Angelina oh how blest!  
 But waking, how he swears and scolds,  
 It is the pillow that he folds!  
 The huntsman, tho' in bed he lies,  
 Will to the woods and forests fly;  
 The actor stamps with all his force,  
 And roars aloud, "A horse, a horse;"  
 The drums and trumpets give delight,  
 To champions in the silent night.  
 The miser finds the secret store,  
 Which he had lost some nights before.  
 The gamester shakes the box, and throws,  
 "Seven's the main!" and seven shows.  
 'Waking or sleeping all the same,  
 Content is but an empty dream;  
 While resting on the bed of earth,  
 How visionary is our mirth!  
 Tho' stretch'd in all our downy joys,  
 How oft calamity annoys!  
 Tho' curtain'd with the robes of grandeur,  
 How fugitive our riches, and sure  
 To-morrow, 'morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Will be but dreams of joy or sorrow.

THURSDAY,

THE BUSY BODY. 89

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THURSDAY, JAN. 11th, 1787. N° V.

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————— *What is it to be wise?*

*'Tis but to know how little can be known,  
To see all others faults and feel our own.*

POPE.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

**R**EADING in your third number, Mr. Scholasticus's very ingenious letter, it reminded me of my dear father, who often reprimanded my mother and me, for unmeaning expressions, as he called them, which are so very frequent in conversation; tho' your correspondent has enumerated several improper sayings, yet those which have given my father

90 THE BUSY BODY.

father most offence, he has omitted; I will therefore take the liberty, Mr. Busy Body, to communicate a few of them, and leave it to your superior judgment, to say whether papa, in his criticisms, was right or not; it is necessary, first, to observe, that my father was an eminent physician, and therefore required *direct* answers before he would pretend to give advice.

Whenever I came down stairs in a morning, and was the preceding evening unwell, he would accordingly ask me how I was to-day?

“ So, so, papa.”

“ So, so! why, what is that child?

“ I don’t understand your *so sos*; don’t

“ talk



"talk to me in such an ambiguous  
"manner."

To be sure Mr. Busy Body, I was puzzled myself to explain my own phrase; I understand *so*, when *alone*, to have a tendency or likeness to what goes before; but *doubled*, I am at as great a loss as *papa* to comprehend it; however, I told my father that it implied the same way I was last night; but a few days after he ask'd me how I lik'd my guitar? forgetful of myself, I replied *so so*, again, "What, exclaimed *papa*, are you in the *same way you were last night?*" I confess I was exceedingly puzzled to solve my own reply; at last opening a play of my father's favourite author, Shakespear, I told him in the words of Touchstone,

"So

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"So so, is good, very good, very  
"excellent good, and yet it is not, for  
"it is only, so so."

"Well, said my father, it is a bad,  
"very bad, a most unmeaning bad  
"phrase, and let me hear no more of  
"it."

A little after, being ask'd by my fa-  
ther, how I came on in my French, my  
reply was, "*pretty well*."

"*Pretty*, echoed my father, what do  
you mean by that?"

"*Nearly, almost*; an expression I  
"have borrow'd from some of my  
"novels."

"Well,

“ Well, child, it is one of those *pretty*  
 “ expressions I don’t understand; instead  
 “ of *pretty well*, being according to  
 “ your explanation, only *almost well*. I  
 “ would rather suppose, by the real sig-  
 “ nification of the word *pretty*, that it  
 “ was *charmingly so*.”

Indeed I was so struck with the just-  
 ness of papa’s observation, I could make  
 no further reply; and from that hour,  
 the phrases *pretty* and *so so*, I have en-  
 tirely dropp’d.

A gentleman paying us a morning  
 visit, as was usual, I ask’d him in a very  
 innocent manner, “ How do you find  
 “ yourself to-day, sir;” my father was  
 very captious, I must confess, and echo-  
 ing my words, bade me explain myself:

I ac-



92 THE BUSY BODY.

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 ing my words, bade me explain myself:

I ac-

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I accordingly told my meaning, and thought my question was very plain, "No child, cried my father, by asking the gentleman how he *finds himself* to-day, he may suppose you wish to know how he *supports himself*."

It would be too tedious to enumerate the many improprieties we may meet with in conversation; indeed, owing to the peculiarity of my father's character, I am aware of several false expressions; yet, poor man, when he was alive I thought him a severe critic, but since his death I have discovered the utility of his corrections.

A little before his death I said, at the request of my mother, who was about



THE BUSY BODY. 95

about ordering dinner, "What's o'clock  
"papa?"

"What is a clock, child! a very  
"curious machine which goes upon  
"wheels; it is made with a hand to  
"show the hour, another to show the  
"minute, and ———."

My father having with usual calm-  
ness explained the upper movements of  
this curious machine, would certainly  
have gone down to the lower parts, did  
I not with great impatience interrupt  
him, by telling him I meant to say,  
*What o'clock is it?*

If these remarks, Mr. Busy Body,  
are deem'd acceptable, I will think my-  
self highly honoured by a place in your  
miscellany,

miscellany; I would add, *entertaining* miscellany; but this is so common with correspondents, that by their sometimes palpable puffs, especially when they send their favours for the *first number* of a work, before they know whether there will be entertainment in it or not, that they seem in my opinion to court an insertion, by flattering the editor; this idea I despise

And am, Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

BELINDA.

The Busy Body thanks Belinda for her favour; the remarks are pertinent and just, but phrases of this sort are always common in conversation; he also begs leave to inform her, (as she is a young lady) that every word in her letter

ter was speak right, and this he thinks is  
as great a compliment as he can pay  
her, for she is of a very good nature.

### To the Busy Body.

SIR ! SIR ! SIR !

I am in so great a hurry, so great a  
hurry indeed, that I have scarcely time  
to finish this letter; yet, as I wish for  
your decisive opinion on a very weighty  
subject, I will keep my pen for a few  
minutes; indeed I have so much busi-  
ness on my hands, that I scarcely know  
what to do; but I am losing time.

Yesterday as I was going through the  
Haymarket in a very great hurry, of  
course every opposition provoking, and  
delay dangerous, I met a man, as im-  
patient as myself, and on account of not

heard

F

knowing



knowing which side to take, though heaven knows the Haymarket is broad enough for a dozen to pass together, I am sure, Mr. Busy Body, we danced before one another for full three minutes, till both of us fell into such a violent passion, that we were ready to knock each other down:

Now, Mr. Busy Body, it is my maxim, and I wish to heaven it was general, to keep the right hand; then we could pass and repass without the least obstruction; this was my resolve after yesterday's delay; but I can assure you, Mr. Busy Body, that this morning, when I was in a violent hurry, on my way to the city, while I was taking the wall, as it was my right side, and according to my plan, I received a furious knock on the head

head from an old basket woman, which notwithstanding the great haste I was in, drove me half way into the kennell; I could not help expostulating on this very ill usage; but the violent creature, with all the fury of a *Billingsgate*, asked me how I dare take the wall from a lady, and had I no respect for the *fair sex*? "Heavens! I exclaimed, with great astonishment, I did not know that such fallow-looking creatures as you, made any part of the *fair sex*." "Know it now then," cried the vile termagant, repeating her blow, by which unruly behaviour, I assure you, Mr. Busy Body, that I lost two minutes and a half; I could not forget this unfortunate circumstance for some time, so that to every person that had the dress of a woman, I gave the wall with the greatest

submission. But there is another thing, Mr. Busy Body, (if I have time,) that I must observe: three or four persons, having no consideration for men of business, will walk all together, though the extent of the path-way will scarcely permit them; so that let business be ever so urgent, or our haste so great, we must delay for about half a minute to be squeezed against the wall, or absolutely pushed into the kennel.

Pray, Mr. Busy Body, observe this, and — (I have scarcely two minutes to spare, so must use all brevity possible) let me know in your next how I shall avoid the delay of opposers; and pray advise ladies and gentlemen, for the sake of accommodating men of business to walk only two by two on the  
path



path way—the clock has struck—I must run to Fleet Street immediately.

Yours,

SPEEDY BUSTLE.

P. S. Excuse haste.

The Busy Body will never excuse haste; for if Mr. Bustle's business was so very urgent, he should not have written to him till he had more time to spare. Whenever Mr. Bustle is in such a violent hurry, the Busy Body thinks the best way for him to avoid opposers, is, to take a coach, or walk in the middle of the streets; *medio tutissimus ibis*; further directions are postponed, for fear the gentleman may not have time to read them.

## To the Busy Body.

S I R,

I have read Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism, with great pleasure, but must think that if he had witnessed the deficiencies of our modern bards, he would certainly have extended his observations. A few days ago, I met with a poem—I call it so, as the author did in his title-page, which had very little pretence to the name; the assistance of the muses was invoked now and then, but “they were deaf, they heard him not;” this very great production was written in blank-verse; however, the lines, instead of smoothly running into one another, had, if not full stops or semicolons, commas at every end; here and there, the language became prosaic for want of a po-

etical

etical taste in arranging the words; for it is not measure only that constitutes an elegant poem; there must be judgment to unite harmony and sense, or the language, let it be ever so well chosen, will appear flat; for a confirmation of this, I will quote a few lines from Otway's tragedy of the Orphan; and by afterwards transposing the words, give you an example of ancient and modern poetry;

" I'll tell thee then, three nights ago, as I  
 Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,  
 A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat  
 Dew'd all my face, and, trembling seiz'd my  
 limbs.

" My bed shook under me, the curtain started,  
 And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd  
 The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou  
 art;

Thy



- " Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand  
 " A wanton lover, which by turns caress'd thee  
 " With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure ;  
 " I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment  
 " Darted it at the phantom ; strait it left me ;  
 " Then rose and call'd for light, when, O dire  
     " omen !  
 " I found my weapon had the arras pierced ;  
 " Just where that famous tale is interwoven,  
 " How the unhappy Theban slew his father."

Now for an elegant transposition, and  
 an example of MODERN POETRY :

Then I'll tell thee, as on my bed I lay  
 Musing, three nights ago ; all round me darkness,  
 A cold sweat dew'd all my face ; trembling seized  
 My limbs, and a sudden damp struck to my  
     heart ;

(This, notwithstanding, the measure  
 is prose ; to proceed)

My bed under me shook, the curtain started ;  
 And the form of thee, thus beauteous as thou  
     Art,

Art, to my tortured fancy appeared there ;

(Still prose.)

Thy garment loose flowing ; a wanton lover  
In each hand, and which, with all the freedom  
Of unbounded pleasure, by turns caress'd thee.

(This is an exact imitation of modern  
verse, especially the line, " in each  
" hand," &c.)

My sword I snatch'd, darted it at the phantom  
In the very moment, and it left me strait ;  
Then call'd for lights, and rose, when, O dire  
omen !

I found my weapon had just pierced the arras,  
Where interwoven is that famous tale,  
How his father th' unhappy Theban slew.

This is indeed spoiling very elegant  
lines ; but, thus authors of modern tra-  
gedies, for want of judgment, have  
spoil'd very elegant words ; because we

have Otway's beautiful manner before us, the transposition appears doubly wretched; however, it is not the first time that this elegant speech has been murder'd, which thousands and thousands have witnessed at the theatres.

I will next confidet rhyme, and must say that this sort of poetry is very much abused; *name, gain, time, smile,* are rhymes good enough for sonnets and odes by the present rules; were I to give examples of this mock rhyme, I would be deem'd too severe; but indeed there is no occasion; examples are numerous.

Mr. Pope has remarked, "How  
 "ten small words oft creep in one  
 "dull line," but I have seen two *dull*  
*lines* together of this description, so  
 little



## THE BUSY BODY: 201

little is the attention paid to criticism; our great poet, though he has observed the *monosyllables*, has overlooked the *polysyllables*, which are in my opinion equally erroneous, as also the *harsh consonants*, as well as the *open vowels*; but perhaps poetry now is more corrupt than formerly; give me leave then, Mr. Busy Body, to enumerate the faults of our modern bards; previous to which, I will request my readers not to be angry at my borrowing a little from Mr. Pope. It is undoubtedly my right as well as *his*, to improve upon a poet, that has improved upon others.

How oft dull particles *do* strike our view,  
*And* many *ANDs* and other trifles too;  
 Then in a line or two how oft we find,  
 With art most great, ten, *ten* small words are  
 join'd.

But polysyllables for this make good,  
 The *magni-multi-tadinous* intrude,  
 And with great Alexander's Train *at length*  
     conclude.  
 With gaping vowels next the line o'erflows,  
 Lo oft the one the other to oppose,  
 Or harsh discordant consonants, like those.  
 As to the rhyme in the same line you'll see,  
 A word agree with what the rhyme may be;  
 And should the bard attempt to paint some trouble,  
 'Tis ten to one his rhyme is gay and double.  
 How many to the chyming art pre-tend?  
 While the same syllable will still at-tend;  
 Some for the sake of sound most wisely con-  
 Triving, have made two words of only one;  
 Lines with false measure never sweetly flow,  
 They are unnatural whose feet too many grow,  
 But wanting, like cripples, hobble so.

Thus, Mr. Busy Body, I have taken  
 notice of the most glaring faults, which  
 we may frequently meet with in the po-  
 ems of the day; some few excepted;  
     for

for I should be very sorry to think that the sparks of genius were entirely extinguished.

In my next (for I mean to trouble you again) I will take the stage into consideration, and hope by a few remarks upon theatrical subjects, to point out many faults which are a disgrace at present to our English drama.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

E. E.

SATURDAY,



110 THE BUSY BODY.

SATURDAY, JAN. 13th, 1787. N<sup>o</sup> VI.

*Reason may convince, but gratitude compels* —

— — — *Ingratitude so tears the  
wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than  
death with torture.*

**T**O return good for evil is one of  
our sacred commandments; but  
how destitute of all feeling must that  
selfish creature be, who, forgetful of past  
liberality, repays the goodness of his  
friend with base unkindness; and yet,  
sorry am I to remark that many of these  
unworthy characters are now in exist-  
ence; daily experience will show us the  
ingratitude of several; why is Cordelio,  
who once flourished in affluence, now re-  
duced to the utmost indigence? he had,  
by all accounts, more than a competence  
of wealth to serve him the remainder of  
his

his days, and never betrayed the least symptom of prodigality; the greatest extravagance he was guilty of, was in fulfilling the duties of friendship; and this extravagance proceeding from urbanity was certainly praise-worthy, tho' in the end fatal.

An acquaintance of his was once arrested for a considerable sum of money, which the too credulous Cordelio imagined he meant to pay at a more convenient time; he therefore went bail for him, but by the ungrateful flight of the debtor, was obliged to pay the money himself, and from that hour his ruin commenced. To suffer all this misery for a *wretch* unworthy of it, must surely be torture, must be double affliction! Cordelio himself said that he would have borne

borne all with a placid serenity, had the author of his ruin proved himself a deserving man. Who that considers this *common* piece of ingratitude can wonder at another's refusal to endanger his character and property on a similar occasion? I feel for the man sincerely, who, by a marble-hearted creditor, is deprived of his liberty, and consequently the means of discharging his debt; I would lend him the sum wanted if I could, but if I could not, he cannot expect that I will hazard my own freedom for that of another's; self-preservation is by nature our greatest concern; and if we have no regard for ourselves, we certainly should for our wives and families, who must consequently share every misfortune we either unknowingly or voluntarily incur.

What



What can be more black, more detestable, then ingratitude; "it is a weed of every clime;" the man who lives on the bounty of his neighbour, who takes every advantage of his goodness, yet forgets to make his proper acknowledgments, cannot even be compared to the beasts of the field; for tho' nature has denied *them* the means of expressing their sensations, yet they will often afford us dumb signs of their gratitude. The lion, which is the fiercest of all animals, has given us many noble instances of it; even the mongrel, the same; while man, the ordained lord of the creation, endowed with superior understanding, violates the laws of nature, hospitality and honor; the prodigal who consumes all he has by wasteful extravagance, and unnecessary enter-

entertainments may be forgiven; he wrongs only himself, his heart was too good, and he deserves our pity more than our reproaches; his character is that of an unthinking man; while those who have partaken of his liberality, who saw and countenanced his folly, who were his most intimate *best* friends, when the unspiced claret quitted the table, now see his downfall with little concern, shake their heads at the cause, but in stead of helping him to redeem his fortune, are very sorry it is not in their power. And what are these who have thus constantly imposed upon easy credulity? *deliberate knaves*, and worse than the *unthinking prodigal*!

It is pretended on the part of many, that there are courtesies which never can be

be repaid, and that the receiver can never be grateful for want of an opportunity; but does gratitude only consist in making an adequate or double return? to pay a sum of money borrow'd is only doing our duty, and to pay it doubly is making out the lender an usurer; but a man, though he cannot pay it, may be grateful; there is a manner, an acknowledgment of our debt, which proves a grateful remembrance of the obligation; that we cannot perform ~~the duty~~ *the duty* sets many opportunities to prove ~~the will~~ *the will*; and if we cannot in the former show our readiness to serve, we certainly may in the other prove a remembrance. Philanthropy is a great characteristic of a man, but gratitude exceeds it; to relieve or lessen the distresses of an unfortunate object is a very meritorious act, but when



when the relieved takes the first opportunity of compensating the other, it is difficult to say which is more worthy commendation, the former or latter; for as ingratitude must, to every eye, even its own, appear disgusting and deformed, so gratitude on the contrary captivates us suddenly with her smiles of inward satisfaction; noble minds will always feel more pleasure in giving than receiving, but when returning a favour, the pleasure will be double.

The injunction of honoring father and mother was chiefly to inculcate gratitude in our infant breasts; if we are not, in our early days, grateful for existence, and ready to serve those who should be our dearest friends, there can be but little expected from the meridian of our lives;

lives ; I could never form a good opinion of the boy, (let him be ever so young, for nature will prompt us to love them from our infancy) that derides his father, and laughs at his mother ; nor should I be amazed to hear when he arrived to manhood that he had cut the throat of his best benefactor ; disrespect to parents is the origin of all ingratitude. How can I expect gratitude from a man, tho' I promote him ever so much in the world, who had none for his parents that brought him into it !

When we consider how the very heathens respected gratitude, we must rail more bitterly against the ingratitude of christians ; we that should know better, to act worse, are undoubtedly more culpable ; though we display a fertile genius

nus, and a ready wit, yet, if we want that which the most ignorant may have, the learning we boast will only make us more contemptible; we then have no excuse for our selfishness, and the world will naturally say, we ought to have known better; what is society if man lives only for himself? the narrow and avaricious cannot know the sweetness of life, because they contribute nothing towards it. What? though their doctrine be, *get money, get money, no matter how*, yet will all *that money, that money* yield us the balm of consolation when the hour of sickness arrives, or bestow us half the pleasure which sincere friendship only knows? how cold, how icy must be the heart of man without their glows a spark of gratitude to animate him; for that spark will lead to many; it will kindle  
 love,



love, friendship, and humanity; the noble passions will unite and charm'd with the genial heat of all together, we shall live, not only for ourselves, but others too.

If in the heart of man ingratitude be so detestable, what must it be in a female? those minds form'd by nature for delicacy and love should never harbour an enemy to both, yet, I am sorry to tax them, but women have faults as well as men. What is the pride, the coquet, the inconstant? why the divorce and infidelities in marriage? she who mocks, gilds, or teazes the man that loves her, returns evil for good, which is the summit of ingratitude; but the wife, who forfeits not only her's, but the honor of her husband, and everlastingly

wrongs

wrongs the man who has confided in her, proves herself destitute of all feeling; her infidelity marks her for the most shameful, the most *shameless* of her sex; amused with the shadows of fashion, dress, and grandeur, she has no room in her mind for generosity and friendship, nor can she possess a spark of gratitude, when she never felt the flame of love; such was the volatile disposition of Celia; having derived from her boarding-school all the semina of vanity, she wish'd to marry, and give a greater scope to her wishes. Captain B—— was the unfortunate that fell into her snare; she lik'd his coat because it was red, and a hasty marriage ensued; they did not long continue together; yet the husband deserved pity, for he loved his wife, but she; thinking she had a right

right to consume what she had brought him, attended every assembly, and display'd all her finery; at the card tables she never fail'd to invoke fortune, and on an average for awhile neither won nor lost; Captain B—— thus left alone and solitary soon turn'd a votary to Bacchus, and endeavoured to drown his affliction; thus they became a *fashionable* man and wife, seldom or never seen together; but fashions like these will not continue long; the lady on one of her cross evenings happened to lose more than she was able to pay, and the winner being a young dissipated hero, the loss was dangerous and double; she paid him with her honor, and repaid the honor of her husband with ingratitude. When once a woman throws off the garb of modesty, every man she meets will have now



charms for her; thus was it with Celia; her infidelity could not escape the knowledge of her husband; notwithstanding his love for her, he cast her off, and by more frequently meeting his bacchanalian acquaintance endeavoured to forget her. Celia now courted every scene of pleasure; her gallants were innumerable, but as she proved inconstant to her husband, so they proved inconstant to her, from every sort she received every sort of ill treatment, A aggravated, B blamed, C contradicted, D discarded, and F G H, &c. fought, gibed, and hated her.

Were the ladies to consider that on account of their being *fair*, a blemish upon them is the more perceptible, they would certainly pay every regard to themselves and character; a woman that

is

is amiable is the most perfect work of nature, she is the loveliest of all God's creatures, and most worthy to be loved; while on the contrary, one of Celia's description, who deviates from that delicacy which should be the great characteristic of a female, is the most odious of the human race; an improper expression from the lips of a woman shocks the ear of delicacy more than if it proceeded from a man; so a bad action from such a gentle quarter is more disgusting to the eye; for example, Macbeth provokes our hatred, but Lady Macbeth *shocks* us!

I will not be too prolix upon one subject, but by the way of variagating the work, give my readers the story of Charles Belmont, and confirm the ob-

servations I have made. I know our most famous authors have written already upon the present theme, yet, tho' much has been said, much can be added; the history of Charles will show ingratitude in its true colours, especially when contrasted with gratitude, that most amiable of all qualities; I will therefore commence the promised story in my next number.

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TUESDAY, JAN. 16th, 1787. N<sup>o</sup> VII.

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*Nos cedamus Amori.*

OVID,

**O**PHELIA was the daughter of an humble farmer, whose family consisted of a wife, a daughter, and a young man, whom with unexampled tenderness he called his son.

Charles



Charles Belmont (the young man's name) was born of very distinguished parents; his mother he never remembered, and by a second marriage of his father, the unhappy youth was subject to the caprice and ill treatment of a step-mother, who on the death of her husband, and not having any child of her own, regardless of the last command of the father, (who loved Charles with inexpressible tenderness, and by a shower of indulgencies, rendered the new mother jealous of the son) she exercised her most ungovernable rage against our young hero, who doubly feeling the loss of a father, and though but eleven years old, endow'd with manly spirit, left Mrs. Belmont, the step-mother, and after travelling many miles with exhausted spirits, enter'd the cottage of our honest

G 3

farmer,

farmer, who, upon hearing his truly lamentable story received him with that cordiality which would have characterized a nobleman, much more a man of humble birth and education; but notwithstanding these wants, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy (the farmer and wife) were endowed with rare and natural accomplishments; their industry, honesty, and good-nature made ample compensation for the depravity of birth, and though education had been spared, yet nature had given such uncommon talents, that this defect was never apparent; in like manner Ophelia, their daughter, imbibed many good qualities from nature's school; she was a phenomenon in learning, and would have shamed many of the better educated if she had been ever in their company. Many perfections she acquired

quired by nature, particularly that of music, in which Charles assisted her.

Three years having expired, Charles became quite a happy rustic; he wished for no other father than Mr. Worthy, and esteem'd his fair daughter as his sister; this esteem generally encreases; but Charles did not discover his own passion, 'till at the instigation of Mrs. Worthy, the good farmer sent him to school, and for fear any of his surviving relations might hear where he was, and misconceiving his kindness, think, perhaps, that what he had done through good-nature might proceed from venal views, he wrote to an uncle of Master Belmont's, whom he had often mentioned, brother of his deceased father, and having candidly laid before him the



whole story, received a letter of thanks from that gentleman with an enclosure of two hundred pounds towards the education of his nephew, and a promise that he would take Charles home when Mrs. Belmont died, but not till then, for fear he might incur the resentment of that lady, whose temper was very warm.

Mr. Worthy, to his praise be it said, did not apply any of the money to his own use, but kept it all for Charles; he bought cloaths for him, furnished him with proper books, and at the request of the young gentleman, who became weary he said of study, Mr. Worthy received him again to his little cottage.

Charles

Charles was, however, anxious to see Ophelia, nor was she less impatient to see him; they became both susceptible of love, and this second interview recalling every past pleasure, made their attachment now reciprocal.

Young Belmont was possess'd of very warm passions; the violence of his love corresponded with that of his resentment; he lov'd Ophelia as much as he hated Mrs. Belmont; and one day, while Mr. and Mrs. Worthy were in the cottage, and Ophelia straying about the meadow, he went under pretence of calling the daughter, but deeming it the best opportunity to avow his love, instead of hastening her return, delay'd her; his dejection of countenance was  
G 5  
apparent;

apparent; "what is the matter?" cried the really concern'd maid.

"Ah me, I am sick at heart, I am very ill indeed," returned the more artful Charles, while poor Ophelia, according to her good-nature and innocence declared she would run immediately to tell father and mother, who she knew would provide something for his ease.

"Stay, cried Charles, you shall not go from me yet, my pains are incurable, except by you, for it is you who have caused them," "Me! heaven's forbid! I would not be the cause, Mr. Belmont, of any distress to you for the world; my dear father and mother have conjured me to be civil



“civil and respectful, because you are  
 “a gentleman; I would not disobey my  
 “parents, or be the means of a gentle-  
 “man’s affliction, nor to be a gentle-  
 “woman myself.”

Charles, whose greater cunning easily  
 perceived the innocence of Ophelia,  
 now took her by the hand, and said,  
 “you shall be a gentlewoman my dear;  
 “your father has proved to me a father,  
 “by his goodness, and you have been a  
 “sister by adoption, but you shall be  
 “more than sister—my dear Ophelia  
 “shall be known by a *tenderer* name,—  
 “I will make her my wife.”

Ophelia could return no answer; her  
 cheeks which had been blanched with  
 palled fear, (when she thought her poor

Charles was sick thro' her means) were now suddenly crimsoned for—she knew not what; and while young Belmont, whose hopes and fears had their alternate reign, waited the result of his proposals, the modest fair hung down her head and sigh'd.

Charles deeming these sighs as happy omens to his love, and imagining Ophelia, by her silence, was willing, clasp'd her to his breast; but the innocent turn'd pale again, and suddenly withdrawing from Mr. Belmont, bade him take care, her father was present; upon this, Mr. Worthy appeared; Charles was confused, Ophelia more so; the old man perceived their uneasiness, was concern'd, and exceedingly sad.

“ Mr.

“Mr. Belmont,” cried he, “before he called him *Charles*, on account of his youth; and the familiarity between them, “I thought you came here to hasten Ophelia’s return; we have been waiting this hour; what where ye doing children?”

“Nothing sir, Charles was only extolling your goodness to him; he said you were his father, and I his sister.”

The old man was silent, he made his daughter and Charles walk before him, proceeding thoughtful and dejected; on entering his cottage, he took Mrs. Worthy aside, and began to consult with her; for the loves of Ophelia and Charles were evident, and the old man was afraid that if it ended in marriage, the world



world would say, he had decoy'd a young gentleman to make his daughter a lady; this was a corroding thought; for Worthy, tho' a farmer, was honorably proud; he would not stoop to any mean action, and scorned to take advantages; it was resolved then by the old couple that Mrs. Worthy should speak to her daughter, forewarn her of the impending danger, and that Mr. Worthy should send Charles (as he was almost fit) to Oxford College; seasonable times were to be taken for the execution of these designs; on their return they perceived Charles playing on a violin, to which Ophelia was chaunting her innocent strains; the subject was love, and Mr. Worthy was angry, but thought it his most prudent way to take no particular notice;

but as he was almost fit to be  
show

he therefore only gently chid his daughter for her freedoms. —

“ Why sing this love nonsense child  
“ why always with Charles ?”

“ Dear father, should I not regard  
“ the youth whom you have regarded  
“ so long as a son ?”

“ Yes, but there is a respect wanting;  
“ you must consider Ophelia, that Mr.  
“ Belmont is now approaching man-  
“ hood, your superior too ; civility is  
“ therefore his due, and freedom a crime  
“ in you.”

Charles wish'd a truce to all these compliments, and declared that the kindnesses he met with from Mr. Wor-  
thy

thy had made such an indelible impression on his heart, that let his situation in life be ever so elevated, and his fortune hereafter ever so great, he should never, never forget it.

While Charles spoke, and Mr. Worthy listened, the pregnant tear swelled in Ophelia's eye; she wished that either Charles was as humble as herself, or she as great as him; for she sincerely loved, and wanted art to disguise it.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 18th, 1787. N<sup>o</sup> VIII.

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*Perish the lover whose imperfect flame,  
Forgets one feature of the Nymph he lov'd.*

SHENSTONE.

MRS. Worthy took every opportunity of admonishing her daughter; she conjured her never to rely too much



much on the promises of the great, nor expose herself to the temptations of youth; but Ophelia could not think that Charles, whom she had known so long, was one of those *great ones* that deceived.

The time for sending Charles to Oxford approached; previous to this, Mr. Worthy wrote to his uncle, and freely intimated his reasons for parting with young Belmont.

“Think not, sir” (said he in the letter,) “that I am tired of the young man, no, I still regard, and still respect him; but I have discovered an attachment between him and my daughter, and though great as the advantages on my side may be, I scorn to accept them by clandestine means.”

" means. Charles shall not degrade  
 " himself and family by a connection  
 " with mine; for this reason, I wish  
 " him in Oxford to finish his studies,  
 " and make no doubt, but during his  
 " absence, my infatuated child will en-  
 " deavour to forget him."

So pleased was Charles's uncle with  
 this candour and sincerity, that he sent  
 by return of post, the same sum towards  
 the finishing his nephew's education,  
 and an additional two hundred for the  
 old man's acceptance, which he said was  
 rather a poor gratuity for the goodness  
 he had manifested, but he would en-  
 deavour at a future time to make a more  
 ample compensation.

When

When Charles was apprized of his going, he was greatly affected, but how much more was Ophelia! she could not conceal her grief, and in the presence of her father and mother, wept bitterly; anguish overcame her; she was put to bed, and the next morning, enquiring for Charles, was told that he was gone.

“ Good God ! and did he go without taking a farewell ? ”

“ I don’t like *farewells*,” cried her father, “ and prevented it.”

Ophelia was inconsolable, but wisely endeavoured to conceal her sorrow. A Fair being near the village, Mr. Worthy went to lay out some of the uncle’s money; Mrs. Worthy took this opportunity



opportunity of buying cloaths for herself and daughter; Ophelia staid within to indulge her usual passion for music; and while she was playing over her favourite song, Charles, in the habit of a swain appear'd; he return'd disguised to see Ophelia; the joy now was adequate to her past grief—it was too much, she fainted in his arms; but, oh, helpless moment! Charles took the advantage of her temporary sleep, and when she awoke, her virtue had been plundered. Ophelia wept, Charles promised—swore on his return to marry her, and after thus violating the laws of gratitude, and securing her love, he took a tender farewell, and planned a manner of corresponding together.

The

The letters of Charles amused Ophelia during this tedious interval; in his writing he seems much to repent the rashness of his love, the violation of gratitude; but as constantly renews his promise, and expresses the greatest impatience to see her again, and consummate their mutual happiness.

Some months expiring, Mrs. Belmont, the cruel step-mother, died; Charles's fortune, which was depending upon her life was now secured; as one year of his minority still remained, the money was deposited in his uncle's hands. After the gladsome news of this expected, and indeed desired death, Charles wrote to Mr. Worthy, begging leave to visit his cottage again, as it was a vacation time in the College.

Mr.

Mr. Worthy, before he answer'd this, wrote to the elder Belmont, who bade him by all means receive him as usual, for he thought it a pity, as he was so young, to let him come to London yet, and be expos'd to the dissipation of a place, which might corrupt his morals.

On Charles's return to the cottage, poor Ophelia's heart rebounded with joy; but she saw a great alteration in the manners of Charles; the company of students, with whom he had mix'd, instructed him in all the art of modern gallantry, and banished that simplicity which the cottage had endowed him with; still he was mindful of his promise to Ophelia, tho' he repeated it with less concern; she, notwithstanding, lov'd him



him more, and all his additional follies  
were in her eyes, new virtues now.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of Mr.  
and Mrs. Worthy, these young lovers  
found frequent opportunities of being  
together; Charles seizing one of these  
favourable moments made another at-  
tempt, and would have repeated his cri-  
minal love, had not Ophelia, with true  
dignity, and notwithstanding her parti-  
ality for him, oppos'd his wishes.

“ Charles, cried she, you have de-  
“ ceived me once, but never shall again;  
“ I thought you had repented your late  
“ rashness, your late violation; why  
“ then this second attempt.”——

She

She would have said more, but tears prevented; Charles pleaded love for apology, and press'd no more.

Ophelia was very desirous for a consummation of the promised marriage; she wished to redeem her virtue for fear of a discovery, or rather, for fear her lover would revoke; but Charles postponed the wedding; he was not of age, he said, yet, and till then could not fulfil his promise, for he knew his uncle, being his guardian, could retain part of his fortune if he married without his consent; poor Ophelia was extremely apprehensive, and at intervals wept bitterly.

The father perceived his daughter's grief, and enquired the cause of her melancholy.

lancholy; candor being always the characteristic of the family, she confess'd the secret of her heart, concealing only her shame; but Mr. Worthy seeing the imminent danger, gave his child several paternal admonitions, and wrote immediately to the uncle, begging him either to prevent the unequal match, or not impute the fault to him.

Mr. Worthy took also an opportunity of speaking to young Belmont; he expatiated much on the regard he had for him, and seriously enquired if he had any say for his friend?

"Oh sir, exclaimed, Charles, why that question? am I not bound by gratitude to regard you, and shall I, do you think, be wanting in it?"

H

"Oh



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“ Oh my young friend, cried the old  
 “ man, I have loved you as a son, and  
 “ as a son I would be happy to own  
 “ you; but the honor is too great, it  
 “ must not be; my child is a fool; but  
 “ she is my child, and should any thing  
 “ happen to her, oh my God! what  
 “ should I do? Nature, nature would  
 “ bleed within me, and my grey locks  
 “ descend with sorrow to the grave! she  
 “ is not good enough to be yours; I  
 “ would not take an advantage of you,  
 “ surely, surely then, you won't take  
 “ any of me; consider my situation; I  
 “ am but a poor man; you are by birth  
 “ exalted and distinguished; should then  
 “ my daughter and you go together  
 “ (which heaven forbid for your sake)  
 “ what would the world say? your taste,  
 “ Mr. Belmont would be censured, and  
 the

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"the honor, the honor of my child  
"suspected."

Charles was exceedingly moved at these last words; he assured Mr. Worthy that he retain'd the most grateful remembrance of past favours, and promised him, what was not in his power to perform.

The old man was now satisfied; he depended upon the *honor* of Charles, and never suspected that his dear child had been already deluded.

Charles, to evince his seeming gratitude for Mr. Worthy, appear'd in their presence rather indifferent to Ophelia; the poor girl was extremely affected.

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at this alteration; she look'd on his behaviour as ingratitude.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 20th, 1787. N<sup>o</sup> IX.

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*Were you ye fair but cautious whom you trust,  
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,  
So many of your sex would not in vain,  
Of broken vows and faithless men complain.*

ROWE.

ONE day, meeting the object of her sorrow, she demanded the reason of his late indifference, Charles seemed to evade her questions, but telling her, that he was greatly affected by her father's serious reflections, and that he must no more on his account be so familiar with her as before, for the venerable old man, he continued, would think him destitute of all honor and gratitude.

“ Good



" Good god! cried Ophelia, bursting  
 " into tears, is this your love, your pro-  
 " mised love for me? honor and grati-  
 " tude! see Mr. Belmont, why will  
 " you make use of those sacred names,  
 " when you have already forfeited your  
 " title to both?"

" But Miss Worthy it is your father's  
 " command that no further liberties be-  
 " tween us take place."

" Oh, sir, my father, poor man, is  
 " ignorant of the liberties that have  
 " been taken; he does not think that  
 " you, whom he has so long protected  
 " from the malice of a step-mother, has  
 " since repay'd him by the basest of in-  
 " gratitude, the violation of his daugh-  
 " ter's virtue, his only, only child! he

" does not know it yet, but have a care

" Mr. Belmont, for he *shall*.

Our hero seem'd alarmed, but whether his emotions proceeded from a dread of the discovery threatened, or remorse for what was done, is not in the power of the historian to determine; he took Ophelia by the hand, tho' she was unwilling to give it.

" Dear Miss Worthy, cried he, for  
 " you are still dear, when I am of age,  
 " believe me, the promise shall be fulfilled;  
 " filled; but you know my embarrassment  
 " at present, forgive me then,  
 " and to please your father, mother,  
 " and friends, these little freedoms which  
 " we have taken before them, let us  
 " now drop."

" Yes

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“ Yes, Mr. Belmont, added Ophelia,  
“ with resum’d courage, and those very  
“ great freedoms which behind their  
“ backs we have been guilty of, shall  
“ never more be repeated till it can be  
“ no sin.”

A few days elapsed without further incidents; the lovers were only *polite* to one another, till Mr. Worthy receiving a double letter from the elder Belmont, delivered the enclosure, which was for his nephew, to Charles, with apparent satisfaction.

“ Now my young friend, said he,  
“ there’s news for you.”

Charles open’d the letter, and upon reading the contents was greatly disturbed.



“What is the matter?” cried Mrs. Worthy, in the presence of her daughter, who, though anxious to know was unwilling to enquire.

“An unexpected command indeed,” cried Charles; my uncle has enjoined me on receipt of this to prepare myself for matrimony; he has provided a young wife for me with every accomplishment, he says, and insists on my compliance with his will.”

“I wish you joy,” cried Ophelia, with uncommon fortitude; “I wish you ———” and here losing her utterance she burst into tears.

Her father chid her for this weakness, and Ophelia, fearing his displeasure, withdrew

withdrew to the meadow, to weep  
 alone. He then retired, and to  
 his honour and grief, he was followed  
 by Charles, who followed him with the letter  
 in his hand, for he dreaded the re-  
 sistance of Ophelia, and now renewing his  
 promise, assured Miss Worthy that he  
 would only amuse his uncle till he was  
 of age, and then give her the preference.

“ Sir, cried Ophelia, I will behave  
 “ more generous than you, you have  
 “ my free consent to marry another  
 “ when you like; notwithstanding my  
 “ late menace, I will never oppose your  
 “ happiness; but believe me, Mr. Beh-  
 “ mont, your wedding-day shall be the  
 “ day of my dissolution.”

Charles, for a moment, felt the severity of this speech, he retired to the cottage, Ophelia followed, having summoned all her resolution. Mr. Worthy wrote an answer to the letter that was sent to him, and desired Charles to do the same, that he might enclose one in the other; he did, but the contents of both letters were unknown.

Charles was still assiduous in pleasing Ophelia, but he found the task was more difficult than before; she pleased herself with her music, and all her strains were now satires on flattery, dissimulation, and ingratitude.

Young Belmont seemed desirous to return to his studies; this with Mr. Worthy,



thy opposed, till another answer came from his uncle.

But to the astonishment of all, the elder Belmont visited the cottage; his presence was the occasion of joy, grief, and confusion; the old couple resolved to entertain him in the best manner; the father introduced him to his daughter, and Ophelia won his admiration; he begged a private conference with the old man,—no doubt he was making another compensation for his goodness; on his return he thus addressed his nephew.—

“ I have recieved your letter of compliance, you are very good Charles,  
 “ and as it seems your wish to obey me  
 “ and as soon as possible, know that

"your destined bride will be here to-  
 "morrow, and with the leave of Mr.  
 "and Mrs. Worthy, the marriage rites  
 "shall be consummated here in the  
 "evening."

Charles bowed and was silent; Ophelia, who was a witness of his ingratitude, saw her ruin, and his determination; she was silent too, but her thoughts were often accompanied with secret tears.

The old couple ignorant of their daughter's distress, made great preparations for the wedding, and according to their commands Ophelia put on some new cloaths never worn before.

The morning came, Charles avoided Ophelia, nor did she endeavour to meet him,

him; on the nephew's remarking that the lady had not yet come, his uncle assured him, that he might depend upon seeing her in the evening; he supposed she was now adjusting her dress.

"And does she come alone sir?"

"No, Charles, her father is with her."

After dinner, Ophelia was absent for some time, and about the evening, when she expected to see the bride, she returned; on her appearance old Belmont addressing Charles with his usual benignity, made many observations upon gratitude.

"You are much indebted, added he, to

Mr.



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“ Mr. Worthy’s family, it is your duty  
 “ then to make some amends, nor can  
 “ you do too much in return for their  
 “ kindness; you have loved his daughter  
 “ I am told, and the good old man  
 “ through honourable motives, which  
 “ must ever redound to his credit, would  
 “ not cherish the passion—but I will,  
 “ for I think your love is most properly  
 “ bestowed; Miss Worthy is therefore  
 “ the young lady I intend for you, and  
 “ in consequence of her father’s letter,  
 “ came here on purpose to see.”

Charles was thunderstruck—Ophelia  
 was sad and delighted—alternate passions,  
 shook her gentle breast; the chaplain  
 was provided and the hands of Miss  
 Worthy, and young Mr. Belmont  
 joined—but during the ceremony the  
 bride’s

bride's distress was visible, and falling to the ground at the conclusion, thanked her God, that she died with her virtue redeemed; soon a confession of Charles's ingratitude took place, for Ophelia, not knowing the pleasure that awaited her, departed after dinner to drink a portion of poison she had provided. Oh sad and dismal scene, how reverse to that which was expected! the poor old father tore his hoary hair, the mother fainted, and the uncle, finding out the late ingratitude of his nephew, abandoned the guilty youth, and left him a prey to the wide world.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, JAN. 23d, 1787. N<sup>o</sup>. X.

*Qui capit, ille facit.*

*Whom the cap fits let him wear it.*

PROVERB.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

**I** AM one of those modest-impudent gentlemen, who are very diffident in some matters, but forward in others. I assure you, Mr. Busy Body, I have often, with a competent share of assurance, forced my company upon several families, though, when according to my wish, seated between some divine girls, I had not a word to say; such is my cowardly courage; there was never a girl,



THE BUSY BODY

girl yet that attracted my notice at first sight, but what I found out some means of introducing myself to her; yet, oh first with shame I must confess, that though I felt all the ardent desires of an impatient lover, I never—never could declare my passion to any object of my affection; you will say there is something very unaccountable in this, more especially when I add, that I have played and gallanted, with young ladies before I knew them; but soon as an acquaintance took place all my courage forsook me: I must however acquit my fair friends of any unbecoming diffidence on their side; no, on the contrary, the first salute, the first word, in short the first of every thing have proceeded from them; of course I fear I shall never know the secret joy of matrimony, till the question is proposed by

by the young lady herself, her relations, or friends; but I verily believe, should that day ever come to pass, (and pray heaven it may) and that a young beautiful girl *spontaneously* gives me her hand, I would never think of repose till my bride should say "it was time to go to bed." Yet Mr. Busy Body, with girls of an inferior class I am always facetious and gay; I never give them the trouble of asking but voluntarily give and take. I remember, for this, my failing has grown with me from my childhood, that the boys at school use to call me Master *Sneak*. Alas! I wish a generous friend would take me under his care, and endeavour so to blend my impudence and modesty together, that I may have a proper and equal share of both, for being at present, half this, and

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and half that, I shall in the course of time be nothing, but a meer insignificant cypher, a piece of unnecessary furniture, fit only to fill up a chair that would else be vacant, and fit in a corner, or whatever place is most convenient.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PARADOX.

To the BUSY BODY.

SIR,

I have a natural propensity for lying, I mean *with my tongue*, and have often thought upon it, but never could divine the cause. I hear that my mother, a few days before she introduced me to

the



the world, told her husband in a pet, that he was not my father, so that *he* imagines the art of lying has descended to me from the mother's side; be this as it may, I feel a secret delight in deviating from truth, though having a very treacherous memory, often contradict myself; my lies are not of a malicious cast; they are what the vulgar call, *white lies*, and upon an average, Mr. B. I tell about twenty-four a day. When I am walking, should any poor stranger enquire for a distant street, I am sure to send him a mile out of his way.

My acquaintances thought I would make a most excellent poet, and requested me to apply my time to versification, accordingly I produced several manuscripts which I swore were all my  
OWN,

own, though between you and me, Mr. B. they were anothers. Since I was advised to go upon the stage and try my abilities in the character of *Wilding*, but I assured my friends I was too modest for that profession, though every one knows me to be a bare-faced impudent dog. My father thinking he could make nothing of me, left me under the care of a school-master, as pedantic as your correspondent Scholasticus in No. 3; but I took it in my head to run away, came piping to my mother, promised to be a good boy, and she, poor woman, notwithstanding her son's character, believed me. Of late I have followed several pretty girls with and without fortunes, and am obliged to encrease my lies; I have promised to marry four already, and perhaps will make the same promise to

to the same number every day; I am convinced that lying is a bad habit, but fear I shall never be able to leave it off; yet I wish to be converted, and would be thankful to any that would take up the employ, and as perhaps he, she, or they may require, an example of my lies, to be the better able to correct them, I will beg leave to assure him, her, or them, that I have not written four words of truth in this my letter, and before I conclude, Mr. Busy Body, must ask your pardon for adding another falsehood, viz:

I am,

Yours sincerely,

Vis Comica.

Mr.



## THE BUSY BODY. 167

Mr. BUSY BODY.

I beg you will speak to Lord W—'s sons for calling me nick names; I am but a poor man it is true, and on account of some bodily defects, the more contemptible; but is it not very cruel, very hard fir, that I must be derided for the faults of nature? my voice being uncommon and harsh, I am mimic'd whenever I speak; my name is Richard, and alas! God having thought fit to deform my body with a throne upon my back his lordship's sons are always laughing at me, and my usual appellation is

CROOKED DICK.

Instead of speaking to his lordship's sons, I will take the liberty of speaking to Lord W—— himself, in the words of Otway:

Hark,

158 THE BUSY BODY.

“ Hark you, my lord, your sons—  
“ Take them to your closet, and there teach  
“ them manners.”

Mr. Busy Body,

It is a matter of fact, nay, an incontrovertable fact, that every person, poor or rich, has some peculiarity in their language. I know a very famous baronet, a man of understanding too, who, whenever he is telling a story, will preface, interline, and conclude it with, “ and so, sir, as I was saying,” &c.—

There is a maiden lady too among my acquaintance, who is *prodigiously* fond of big words, so that by the *magnitude* of them, she is *monstrously* and *hugely* expressive. Whenever the baronet and she are together, *as I was saying, sir*, she is *prodigiously* glad to see him, and thinks the time *monstrously short* while he is with her;

her, they are in love, you understand me. Sometime ago I had a smart contention with a few friends about this observation; "Pshaw," cried an old blustering captain about a hundred times to every argument, "indeed!" and "lord!" who would have thought of it," exclaimed two neighbouring young ladies, "eh?" enquired a bishop about a dozen times over; thought I repeatedly said every one had a phrase or peculiar word of their own, you understand me; and so as I was saying, Sir, I began to enumerate them; the company were monstrously astonished;—Indeed! exclaimed Miss Affectation,—Pshaw, cried Captain Bully,—Lord! who would have thought it? quoth'd Miss Clack, turning about to lawn sleeves, who, with a vacant countenance, uttered *eh!* again.

I

But,



But, Mr. Busy Body, that you may not think me a partial, censorious critic, you understand me, I acknowledge that I have a phrase of my own, which I cannot leave off; however, this is for your inspection; and I dare say, were I honor'd with your company for half an hour, I would also find something particular in you.

YOU UNDERSTAND ME.

To the BUSY BODY.

SIR,

Reading in your second number, Mr. Squib's letter on puffing, I cannot help taking notice, late as it is, of one particular passage, and am induced to think Mr. Squib would never have been admitted among the number of your correspondents,

respondents, were it not for the sake of giving others an opportunity to write and correct him. "Will any doctor (he says) deny there is no puffing in divinity?" I am sorry to say there is, indeed, great show and hypocrisy in it. "What are all their sanctified looks and borrowed solemnity?" puffing, *my brethren*;" this is a poor attempt at wit, *my brother* correspondent; I should be sorry to think *all* sanctified looks were puffing; but *borrowed* solemnity I grant you is; to proceed, "What are all their texts and sermons?" puffing from "the old manuscripts lately purchased;" this is too severe; *all* sermons are not purchased, and if they are, where is the puffing *my brother*? I allow that some, unworthy the title of *reverends*, are obliged to buy their sermons; and I re-

member well, when a minister, not long ago, officiating for a friend, preached the very sermon, which his friend, the preceding Sunday preached before in the same church; so that it appear'd he and the other had bought that and eleven more at the reasonable price of three guineas, as advertized; and, which added still to their cheapness, they were all *warranted originals*; but this accident deterr'd them from ever making another purchase; they have endeavour'd since to indite their doctrine, as well as preach it, which is attended with the happy circumstance of being read, more perfectly, and without the usual repetitions. Having thus far corrected Mr. Squib, I will beg leave, since on the subject of religion, to make a few necessary remarks:

Too



Too many of our reverends, particularly the *young* ones, think that *indifference* is a grace in reading; by constantly repeating the prayers, and having them by heart, they gabble them over in a *genteel careless* manner, and with wandering eyes see how many fine girls form the congregation; the lessons to be sure they are obliged to read, but not thinking it necessary to give holy scripture perfectly, they contract every word they meet, and instead of *lov-ed, return-ed*, read *lov'd, return'd*, &c. in like manner the language of the prayer is refined; *thens, ands, thats*, most constantly omitted; and by improper accents, the whole effect of our supplications is entirely lost.

The *enthusiastic* reader is almost as bad as the *careless* one; his monysyllables

“ring the air;” and by thumping his breast, or more frequently the cushion which trembles without *feeling*, he enforces his doctrine; he *sings* when he *reads* the first or second lesson. I would not be near him when Daniel kills Goliath upon any account, lest in his heat he might knock me down; for I have known him after Nathan’s glorious parable to David, and David’s remembrance thereto, absolutely to point out to a poor *woman* in the isle, and cry, “Thou art the *man*.” His preaching is not less fierce; but what is very common, and very ridiculous, he introduces questions in his discourse, and pauses, as if it were becoming the congregation to reply; then with a self-answer proceeds, and during the remainder of his sermon, more frequently alarms than affects

fects his audience; these faults are very common, but with none more so than *extempore* preachers, who, notwithstanding a thorough knowledge of what they are about, are often guilty of a lapse; thus Mr. Squib may see, I am as ready to acknowledge the faults, as I am proud to defend the characters of those, who with me affix to their names

D. D.

A



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THURSDAY, JAN. 25th, 1787. N° XI.

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*A critic was of old a glorious name,  
 Whose sanction banded merit up to fame;  
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;  
 His judgment great, and great his candour too.  
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;  
 Secure he walk'd, for nature was his guide.  
 But now, oh! strange reverse! our critics bawl  
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall;  
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,  
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;  
 Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,  
 And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.*

CHURCHILL.

**A**S criticism shall be the theme of this present number, I have chosen the above motto, not only because it is an excellent delineation of mild and severe critics, but the author thereof the best example of the latter; had every  
 would-

would be critic the pen of Churchill, what player could escape, but those that are *favourites*, what author be commended, but those that commend *in return*? for writers are in general so very envious and severe, they are more ready to condemn than save the works of their fraternity. Critics were once esteem'd as sensible and impartial judges; but they are now so guided by interest or malice, that the name is no longer a compliment; at present, there are many sorts of critics; I will endeavour to point out their degrees, and then offer a just rule for candid criticism.

The severe critic can never be pleased; it is certainly beyond the power of human nature to produce any thing, without giving an opportunity for censure.

I am acquainted with one of this description, and as I always show him (by compulsion indeed) whatever I write, I more dread his opinion than that of all the reviewers put together, for he is not only *monthly*, but hourly cavilling; *critical*, without being *analytical* or *impartial*; his brother being another literary judge, differs somewhat from the other, by having a small spark of lenity in his nature; however, I can never please both together, which is a stanch proof that *all* critics will not approve of the same writing. When *Senior* finds fault with my language, for being too rugged, too plain, soon as I make the required alterations, *Junior* will tell me, "it won't do—too high-flown, &c." To delineate the character of this elder critic more justly, I will give my readers an anecdote



anecdote of his severity, and prove the impracticability of ever pleasing him.

Being honored with his company one day to walk, and taking a cursory view of every print-shop we passed by, he would sneer with contempt, at what, in my humble opinion, was masterly drawn. Advancing now towards the Strand, he stopped suddenly before a house, where for the curious, was an exhibition of waxen figures, some of which were made public, to induce the passers-by to walk in.

“ Well, cried he, it is astonishing to  
 “ me how people can be so easily im-  
 “ posed upon; what poor attempts at  
 “ nature; that like Henderson! shame-  
 “ ful! pray do, my dear friend, look up

“ at the first floor, you will see *figures* with  
 “ a vengeance ! they are meant for chil-  
 “ dren I suppose ; but there, in the first  
 “ window of all, oh ! what a fright !  
 “ dress’d like a man in a brown coat,  
 “ but as much like a man as——.”

“ Where, I interrupted,

“ Oh, there, there——”

But while this all sensible judge was  
 pointing to the window, and showing  
 me the *unnatural figure*, behold the  
*fright*, as he call’d him, thinking my  
 friend wanted him, now raised the sash,  
 and begg’d us to walk in,

“ Why, you are mistaken, I ex-  
 “ claimed, it *is* a man, and I think as  
 “ good a looking man as ever I saw in  
 “ my life.”

Ashamed

## THE BUSY BODY. 81

Ashtamed of this apparent want of judgment, he took no notice of the man that was still bawling, but requested me to walk on; I seized this opportunity, however, to rally my friend for being so generally severe; he made no reply, or attempted his defence, but held his head down with shame, and has ever since (in my presence at least) abated his severity.

Such is the character of a rigid critic, who can never be pleased; and I am sorry to remark that there are many now-a-days of this description, who make it a practice to abuse every thing unjustly, because they have been justly abused themselves, and condemn authors, as the public, perhaps, have condemned them; it is too generally the disposition



disposition of inferior writers to aim at Satire, when they fail in every thing else, and criticize that, which they themselves could never excel.

The *learned* critic, or he who wants to show his learning by criticizing, is almost as difficult to be pleased as the foregoing; he has an aversion to all common stile; (or, as he would have me write it, through the abundance of his learning and reverence for grammar, an aversion *from* ———) he abuses the modern way of printing, and condemns a book, because the u and k are omitted as very unnecessary letters in honor, music, &c. yet, out of all his learning, he can give no reason for inserting them, except in *humour*, to distinguish it from the *humor* which signifies *moisture*. In short,

short, his maxim is to enumerate the errata of every book he reads, and make much of a little; pray heaven, I may never fall into his hands, as being an enemy to bombast and pomposity, I shall surely be condemned.

The *ignorant* critic is as dangerous (to men of merit) as the learned; for thro' ignorance he praises the bad, and ditto, abuses the good; sometimes abuses and commends together. I have been in company with many of these critics, who, for the sake of being counted wise, commence arguments; but say, and unsay, according to the replies. Yes and no are alike to them; and they can be either pro or con, *as you please*. Indeed they remind me of several gallery critics, whom I have seen hissing and clapping together,

together, as it were, to show their disapprobation of the piece, and their approbation of the performers.

The *officious* critics differ widely from those of the learned class; they study in quest of beauties, not of faults, hoping to derive merit from the merit of what they read; this I allow would be very praise-worthy, were they not so officious as to take upon them to subjoin explanatory notes, and point out the beauties of the author, as much as to say, "Reader, you are ignorant, but I am not." By the inspection of these critics, I am sure there have been beauties discovered in Shakespear, &c. which were never intended as any by the authors; but is it reasonable that the readers of a book must be guided by *these* critics,



tics, and submit to *their* explanations? Every man has an opinion of his own, (or should have) and let him enjoy it; if he has any doubt of a word, he can apply to a dictionary; for my part, I cannot see the utility of extending works, which were formerly small, to a voluminous size. A quarto bible, which has the scripture *only*, I prefer to a folio that contains a number of *critical*, *historical*, *theological*, and *practical* illustrations; that some notes are necessary and good, I will allow, but many are meer repetitions, and want *notes* to explain themselves. The scripture is certainly adapted to the meanest understanding, at least, a sufficiency; so that *every* chapter, I may say *every* verse, cannot require explanations. I would therefore recommend to those critics, who

who wish to convince us of their profound sense, to imitate the late ingenious Clarke; and if they must write notes, apply their time and study to foreign books, and explain what may be there too difficult for young beginners to comprehend; in like manner, the French, Italians, &c. may make notes upon the English, but I hope we understand our own language too well, to be in need of any.

Having thus far expatiated upon the degrees of critics, I will now fulfil my next promise, and by pointing out the mode of criticizing fairly, will thereby give a character of an impartial one.

An *honest* critic should always lean to the merciful side, and instead of looking  
out

out for the faults, examine the beauties of a work. Errors that may be typographical, ought never to be noticed; though this certainly has been an happy excuse for some authors who have made out their own faults, the errors of the press. An honest critic should also read a work *twice* before he gives his opinion, for there are things will escape notice on the first perusal, that will strike the reader in the second,

It has been said that a play ought never to be damn'd till it has been heard all out, but this is, indeed, outdoing mercy. The first act, I will allow, may be an introduction to the plot, and of course heavy; but if the second, third, and fourth, are so, can the fifth, let it be ever so good, make ample compensation



sation for our hearing the remainder. If a comedy or tragedy, during the three first acts are dull, good night to it!—it is impossible that the audience can stay awake for the remainder.

Some critics give the preference to sentimental pieces, while works of humour are only *laugh'd at*; but there is more difficulty, as Bickerstaff says, to write the comic, than the sentimental; a *distressing* scene can be easily contrived, and because it carries a sameness continued. But real humour requires wit, variety, and all, to support it. A melancholy story in an easy stile, will constitute a tragedy; but a comedy, besides fable, requires a lively, changeable dialogue to make it agreeable; give me then the latter instead of the *sad and marvellous*;

vellous; give me the *Vis Comica*, instead of the *Pathos*.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 27th, 1787. N° XII.

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*To be good, is to be happy.* ROWE.

I Dined yesterday with a gentleman, whose character, I will be bold to say, is a perfect original; for my part, I never met with the like, so that my surprise was naturally excited; 'tis true, I have heard of good men; but the man who minds his business in the morning, and pays his notes when they are due, is, notwithstanding his prodigality and evening reveries, now honor'd with the epithet of *good*—My readers, in Sir George Generous, my new acquaintance, shall see a more striking character.

This

This noble baronet is a very passionate yet meek man, proud, yet humble, impolite and unfashionable, yet still keeps within the bounds of decorum; what is more remarkable and paradoxical, he is extravagant and avaricious, absolute and gentle.

That a man addicted to so many contradictory passions, can be a *good man*, will surprise my readers at first; but when I enumerate the most remarkable incidents of his life, their wonder will cease, and I make no doubt, but they concur in opinion, that such another man does not exist.

As a proof that his passion and abuse exceed all others, I was assured by his Lady, that Sir George was never yet in  
a rage



a rage even with his own servant, or gave any one in a warm moment improper language; that he was not immediately angry with himself, and abused his own intemperance for the length of a day; did ever any one hear such unaccountable behaviour? this is not all! Sir George will strike in his passion; and has been known to knock a boy down for so trifling an offence, as tormenting a kitten, then he has been so angry with himself, as to knock his own foot against the ground for doing it.

To convince my readers of his pride and humility, I can assure them, that in respect to the first, he is so very haughty, that he would not accept of any gratuity for doing a favour, nor commit a *dirty* action, tho' he were to receive a fortune

tune by it. Indeed, he has said himself, that many a cleaner looking hand than his, which boasts, perhaps, of a diamond ring, and lace ruffles, has been often doing what his heart, as well as hand would despise; yet, notwithstanding his pride, this gentleman is so very humble, that he would converse with a beggar upon any occasion, carry a bundle through the street, or go into his garden and toil like a common man; I have remonstrated with him about this latter absurdity, and observed that there were men on purpose for such business, whom it was much fitter for, than a baronet; but his words were as strange as his actions. “ I know it, these men do  
 “ it for their bread, I, for my health,  
 “ and as to my being a baronet, I tell  
 “ you friend, that were I a king, I would

not

"not be ashamed to attend my garden,  
 "nor care for the world, tho' they call'd  
 "me FARMER GEORGE for it."

I shall now consider his impoliteness  
 and how much he deviates from the  
 rules of fashion: in the first place, he  
 drinks nobody's health; yet is very un-  
 easy if his friend be indisposed; he won't  
 play cards on Sundays, nor sit in any  
 ones company that will; yet on a week-  
 day, he can take a game at whist or any  
 other, provided the rest of his friends  
 play moderately; this is a proof of his  
 avarice too, for he won't play high,  
 tho' he abounds in money, and yet is  
 known to dive so much into extrava-  
 gance, as to give away his cash, meat,  
 drink, &c. to poor people who can ne-  
 ver repay him; was there ever such ex-

K extraordinary



traordinary penury, and more extraordinary profuseness; but young men will wonder still at his character, when I inform them, that were he to be introduced to a poor widow with a family, he would rather give twenty guineas to the old woman to support herself and hers, than twenty shillings to seduce one of her daughters. This may lead my readers to imagine he is no judge of beauty, and perhaps a woman hater, but no, he has married his lady for love only, after a regular courtship; and what is more unfashionable and extraordinary, makes her a constant good husband.

Sir George never discourses of religion, yet he always goes to church, but is of such a close disposition, he will never communicate what he gives away to  
charity

charity sermons; he is very affable at his table, but so impolite, that he won't press any one to eat more than they desire, not even a lady. Indeed, I am told, that if one of his friends is drinking to excess, he will order his glass to be taken away, and tell him, as he cannot insure his health and life, he must drink no more of his wine at present; but a greater instance of impoliteness I have heard; a young lady who was in his company, and known to have a very good voice, was requested by her friends to sing; as good singers always wish to make a fuss, and give trouble to the company, she hem'd and protested she was so hoarse she could not sing, yet, by the entreaties of her friends began,

"Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,

"I ne'er could injure you ———."

K a

"But

“ But how can we believe you, ma-  
 “ dam, interrupted Sir George, when  
 “ you have told us *a lie* already.”

This is not the only instance of Sir George's impoliteness; he is so rude in company, that when a young gentleman swears, he will immediately affront him, and tell him *he has no manners*; he is so singular, that he will never flatter, not even a fine lady, for fear of making her vain; his toasts are always grave sentiments, tho' there are none but gentlemen in the room, for he is so very deficient in sense, that he thinks modern wit is meer ribaldry, & *Le bon vivant*, bad vile fellows; yet, notwithstanding his *false* translation, his library consists of none but French, Latin, and Greek books, &c. in respect to English ones,



ones, his taste is so bad, that he prefers Milton to our modern tragedies, and Fielding to our novels; he never goes to a play, because Garrick, Barry, Henderson, &c. are dead; never to a tavern to dine or sup, because he thinks domestic entertainments more comfortable.

Tho' Sir George is very fond of singing, he has no taste for a good song, which he terms an obscene one; old ones he has the impudence to say are better than the new, and Gay's, Bickerstaff's, &c. than *bow wow wow*, &c. yet, notwithstanding his partiality for the former, he never sings any thing but a hymn, or psalm on Sundays; he also leads the life of a mechanic, goes to bed before the fashionable part of the world rise from their cards, and gets up in the

morning about break of day; this he calls a wholesome life, and would not deviate from his rule, not even to celebrate a birth or wedding-day.

Among many other whimsicalities, which mark the character of this singular man, he entertains a notion that whatever happens, is for the best. Whenever a dear friend, or near relation dies, he mourns with undissembled sorrow, but says it is the will of heaven, and what heaven wills, is right. Thus, should an unforeseen misfortune injure his property, or otherwise affect him—should he (as I have formerly remark'd him to be very passionate) for a moment repine, he will rail at his own want of temperance and patience, and by persuading himself, the accident was ordained

ordained by providence for some good end or other, exclaim, like Jaffier, in the midst of his distress, "Thank heaven," and calmly submit to his losses with uncommon resignation, consoling himself with this philosophical remark, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence.

Having thus far expatiated on the humours of this man, I will conclude with some necessary observations on his dress, &c. for tho' an original character, he eats, drinks, sleeps, &c. like one of us, only differing in these respects, he does not gorge like an Alderman at a City feast, drink like a Bacchanalian in a club-room, or go to bed with the conscience of a gamester or usurer; his dress is always plain; for neatness he



deems grandness; and prefers a genteel suit without any variety to one all silver and lace, and made even in the French taste; for this, he says is fit for a gentleman to wear, and that only for a powder'd puppy; he confesses the utility of wigs, yet wears his own hair, for he says good hair is the gift of nature, and not to be destroyed; but then he combs it himself in his own peculiar taste, without curls (which even clergymen wear now) for he could never bear the thoughts of sitting an hour or two under the torturing fingers of an unmerciful frizuer; he has a very great respect for old proverbs, either English or Latin, and says *Nosce teipse* is a most excellent adage; he has not the least ambition to be thought a beau, gallant, critic, or fine gentleman, yet has confidence

dence enough to think, that without these necessary qualities, he can be happy, and never envies the beatitude of those, who are so——in our opinion.

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TUESDAY, JAN. 30th, 1787. N° XIII.

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*Natio Comæda est.*

JUV.

To the BUSY BODY.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise in your fifth number, I resume the pen, and take the theatre into consideration. The following cursory observations on managers, authors, and performers, I send you for insertion.

It is certainly a fact, that no man should become a manager of a theatre

K 5

that

that is not a person of character, judgment, and property; yet, notwithstanding the act of parliament for the prohibition of vagabonds, &c. too many needy adventurers undertake the arduous task, tho' they have not a halfpenny in their pockets to defray the necessary expences; I speak of those in our neighbouring towns, who build temporary stages for the reception of itinerant performers; is it not, I say, impossible for them to furnish *any* theatre with rational amusement?

There is another thing to be observed in the choice of a manager: he should be a man of judgment, and I will be bold to say that not one in twenty (putting all the deputy managers together) can boast of this necessary ingredient;  
 else,



else, why since the days of Garrick, Powel, Foote, &c. so many miscarriages of pieces; surely this shows a want of judgment in the manager, or out of so many that are sent for perusal, he could certainly make a better election; but it must be confess'd that every manager is sway'd by interest, and a piece of real merit may lie for months (years, if not ask'd for) in the managers desk, while two, three, four, or five acts of unconnected nonsense is forced upon an easy public. "Is this just dealing?" In like manner, their choice of performers is generally bad, and many unnecessary actor is kept in pay to the exclusion of real merit; Garrick had a sufficient excuse for this, he dreaded a rival, but none can be made for the *caprice* and *parsimony* of other managers.

Authors declare that managers are very cruel, and they in return, say that authors are very troublesome, which both declarations I verily believe; there are many who flatter themselves that they can write, but very happily remain in the error by the suppression of their pieces; and there are as many too who *can* write, and are now in obscurity by the want of judgment in managers. It is no wonder that such disappointed writers should wish to be actors of eminence, or managers, or sons of managers, for the sake of introducing their pieces; as, by such means, they would certainly effect their wishes. If Colley Cibber had not been a player himself, there are many of his brats, or *bastards*, I should call them, being unlawfully begotten, which would never have had existence;

existence; and I am very confident, if such a flimsy farce as the *Lying Vallet*, had been presented to Mr. Garrick by an inferior author, inferior, not in abilities, but interest, it would have been rejected at first sight, or, perhaps, return'd with mortifying contempt, "won't do sir; no, it won't be of service to the author or manager;" thus it is evident, "many a rickety brat has a theatrical existence, owing to a theatrical parentage."

In hopes to console our rejected authors, who want interest to recommend them, I can assure them, (for one of our present managers has already declared it) that not the third part of pieces which are sent them, are ever perused; so that they are return'd with a letter of form,

or,



or, when they are read, mislaid, (more properly speaking, *retained*) for the sake of giving hints to our *rich* authors; but, as I wish to prove all I say, I will give you, Mr. Busy Body, a few recent anecdotes, which I make no doubt will be probats sufficient.

You must know, sir, that now and then I take up my pen, not for the sake of emolument, but amusement, of course, I care not whether the managers receive what I write or not. I seldom dance attendance, write flattering letters, and cringe to the esquires for the sake of their favour; no, while I have money to publish what I write, my ambition for literary fame is amply satisfied; and I would always prefer the judgment of the public, to that of a manager; yet, I  
confess,

confess, I *have* tried them, but more for the sake of learning their ways, than gaining their good graces.—Sometime ago, I sent a comedy in my own name to one of the managers, but it was rejected; having three duplicates of the piece on purpose, I immediately alter'd the title, and sent it to the same, but in another name—rejected. Well, I christen'd my baby once more, and sent it with no name—rejected. Last of all, I gave it a very *striking title*, and had it presented in a manner I knew would induce the manager to take a peep; to tell the truth, it was not return'd this time; it was lost; but how could I believe a man now, when I knew him to be in three errors before? it was very palpable that he never read it the preceding times, or, surely, if he

-did,

did, his memory was very, very treacherous.

I mean this, Mr. Busy Body, as a lesson to authors, and not a satire against any particular manager; I am not induced thro' any private reason, to be either invective or partial; it is not one, but *all* that I find fault with, and surely, Mr. B. I have a right, for *as managers*, "they are a lawful game."

To write a play are ev'ry body's words,  
And the advice with the bards with accords,  
But oh the managers, ah! there's the pause,  
Scarcer is theirs than all the towns applause?  
Too well he knows the hardships to go thro',  
How he must bow, and fawn, and flatter too,  
Perhaps may hear "bad, bad upon my soul,  
"No, not a line of merit in the whole,"  
Or, what is worse, the fellow may forget,  
And send him word he has not read it yet;

This



THE BUSY BODY. 209

This, when consider'd, makes him wisely fear

"*The insolence of office,*", nor bear to hear

"*The proud man's contumely*" *the spurns* for  
weeks,

*Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes;*

But there is a degree among managers,  
whose situation, I think, must be very  
disagreeable; these are the deputy or *act-*  
*ing* ones, who, being subservient to the  
head, must of course, bear all the *kicks*  
of the foot, or, in other words, the re-  
proaches of those under them, and be  
the constant *marks* for rioters to aim at;  
were *these* to please all the performers,  
they must certainly displease their mas-  
ters; so it is no wonder that their cha-  
racters are very often traduced, and their  
names mentioned with horror.

Were

Were I a manager, but indeed, Mr. Busy Body, I have no such intention, I should make many alterations in respect to performers; I cannot altogether approve of their present laws; for instance, no performer should keep a character; this I look upon as the highest presumption in the best actor whatever; it is deem'd very cruel to take away a part from a performer, and give it another, who ten to one, plays it better, and at any rate serves the theatre by filling it. Is the manager then to be denied emolument, and the public variety, for the sake of satisfying the caprice and ambition of an actor? what a preposterous notion! instead of seeing one Hamlet, Othello, &c. at the same house, we should have three or four, according to the merits of the performers, and then  
 their

their merits being contrasted, could be better seen; but at present, the rule is otherwise, and by this monopoly of characters, many a good Hamlet, Othello, &c. are excluded the stage, and have no chance of making their appearance, except the *owners thereof* are pleased to be ill; to be sure this *is* a chance; for performers, of any eminence now, think they enhance their consequence by being *frequently indisposed*; it is judicious they imagine to retire now and then, and make the public feel their loss; this is generally put in practice, when either they grow sick of a character, or wish to vex the manager; however, were it customary to fill all these characters when the *owners* are indisposed, I am very sure it would cause a *speedy recovery*.

The



The many disturbances at theatres have certainly originated from the monopoly of characters; for as it is the custom to *possess a part*, should any usurp it in the eyes of the performer, he *robs him*; “It is *my* character, no one has a right to it, I have play’d it for these three seasons, I won’t give it up, I will appeal to the public—” and so a newspaper war ensues, and the town is tormented with an insignificant complaint; but query, who made the character *his*? because he *has* play’d it, and with success, let us say, is that a reason no other *shall*; or has he agreed with the manager *to have and to hold* all the parts he performs? has he *taken a lease* of Macbeth, Romeo, &c. for himself, *heirs and assigns*. *O risum teneatis?* but thus it is; and if the performer be a manager

manager too, he has then, he thinks, a *double* right to every character.

To enter minutely into the merits and demerits of our different performers, would be only giving selections from the Rosciad; for there is scarcely a fault that Churchill has pointed out in the late actors, that does not appear in our present ones, or perhaps, *vice versa*; for if Alexander does not fall asleep, he rants in such a manner, that instead of making love, we may justly say he is scolding his Statira, while another, to avoid this error, reads, but never *acts* his part.

To differ from all other performers, is deem'd very great; and certainly it is more meretorious than to copy. A second-

cond-hand Garrick cannot claim all that merit he imitates, let him imitate ever so justly; but too many of our performers, in hopes to throw a *new light* upon their characters, have introduced such extravagant ideas, as to meet with more censure than applause; they have the merit, to be sure, of differing from predecessors, but to what effect? alas! to remind us of what we *have* seen, and what we *do not* see; but this is a failing of those who play from *art*, and not from *nature*, who study what are called *stage tricks*, to extort applause; thus have I seen a Romeo, unlike all others indeed, whispering his Juliet, from the garden to the window, how he loves her; and when in the banished scene, instead of "taking the measure of his grave," taking, as it were, the measure

fure



# THE BUSY BODY. 215

sure of the stage, and with extended arms, threatening the audience with his grief; or if there be any striking sentences in one speech, notwithstanding the heat of the scene, telling them over on his fingers, and thus making a calculation of all his misfortunes;

"Wert thou as young as I——(one)

"Juliet thy love——(two)

"An hour but married——(three)

"Tibalt murdered——(four)

"Doting like me——(five)

"And like me banished," (which makes six, and is generally marked on the fourth finger.)

To judge impartially of a player, we should always see him twice in one character, and if he play both nights in the same manner, without the least deviation in action, he is a *studied*, not a *natural* performer.

To

To expatiate longer upon this subject, would be as disagreeable to the reader, as it must be arduous for the writer. The few observations which I have made, will, I hope be sufficient to show that our managers want more taste and judgment, our authors more encouragement, and our performers better regulations; should these few suggestions tend in any measure to the establishment of proper managerial conduct, or the advancement of merit, the wishes are fully answered of,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

E. E.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, FEB. 1st, 1787. N° XIV.

*Vellem in Amicitia sic erramus.* HOR.

HAVING promised in my first number to receive visits from correspondents, which, according to their merits, I would either *return* or *admit*, I find myself, by an overflow of company, under the necessity of devoting the present number to apologies and fragments.

SOLOMON SAPIENS should recollect what *Solomon* says,

*The fool doth think he is wise;*

But, perhaps, too much learning has turn'd his brain——

O *Solomon, Solomon, quæ te dementia cepit?*

L

STULTUS



STULTUS we must refer to another quotation from the *fair penitent* :

“It is the curse of *fools* to be secure.”

COGITAVI amidst a *cogibundity* of *co-*  
*gitations*, concludes with

#### A MEDITATION UPON MEDITATION.

To be or not—that is the question,  
And when the matter wants digestion,  
We often put—ourselves to pose,  
The index-finger on the nose ;  
Half-satisfied, we're cross and mute,  
And beat a *tattoo* with our foot ;  
But on the fidgets, how we lain,  
And loll, and tumble, and complain ;  
If something causes any doubt,  
We rise, and swear, and walk about ;  
The lover—hear each heaving *high ho* !  
For tho' alone, he's with his Chio :  
That is, he's with her in his fancy,  
For in idea lovers *can* see

Lawyers

Lawyers repeat their repetitions,  
And meditation guides physicians,  
Who shake their heads unless ye pay,  
And cannot write a recipe;  
But soon as one receives the fees,  
His eyes are open'd, and he SEES;  
Taking a pinch of snuff, believes  
With little care his patient lives;  
Then hems, puts up the box, and then  
Thinks he had better call again;  
The beaux consider what's the fashion;  
Belles think upon the gentle passion;  
The poor upon their prayers in churches;  
The rich on what is best to purchase;  
The reverend on a proper text,  
When 'tis his turn to preach next;  
The hungry author on his rhymes;  
The patriot on the wretched times;  
The managers, and all the rest  
Of public men, what puffs are best;  
All think, I think, of ev'ry station,  
Our time is lost in meditation;  
But jolly toppers, over drink,  
In my opinion never think.

L 3

BELINDA

BELINDA begs to know if another story, like *Charles Belmont*, the ingrate, will be given in the course of this work. The Busy Body humbly informs her, that were he to insert any story *like it*, he would be guilty of a sameness, which is quite contradictory to his plan.

F. D. has signed very just and proper initials indeed; his whole letter plainly proving him a very *fool* and *dunce*, or *vice versa*, D. F. a *d*——*n'd fool*.

The PUNSTER so twists and tortures his words, that every reader of common understanding, would be disgusted at the perusal.

The *bumour* of GOOD HUMOUR is so very *bad*, that positively GOOD SENSE must



must reject it; notwithstanding which, Busy Body thanks the author for his *good* intentions, and hopes he will exert his *best* to produce something *better*.

PUZZLE, a very clever fellow, in his own opinion, lays a wager of a guinea, that no man will find out rhyme for *month*; Busy Body cheerfully accepts the challenge.

A new contraction in my couplet run'ch,  
Where is my guinea, 'tis the rhyme for *month*.

An Essay in defence of a play that was damn'd, is begging the author's pardon on a *damn'd piece*—— of business.

G's treatise upon nonsense is a very *ingenious* and *learned* production; but the motto, tho' Busy Body allows it to be

very applicable to the subject, prevents the insertion; for several ladies have insisted that when the mottos are not English, the translations must be somewhere affixed; then how ridiculous and ignorant would the Busy Body appear, if on the admission of G's treatise, he was call'd upon for the explanation of the following motto;

*"Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig, and bat band."*

The derivation of *beigh bo* is most respectfully requested by a LOVER OF THE LADIES. Busy Body as respectfully requests him to apply to the ladies themselves.

RISIBLE's letter is very laughable indeed, were we to judge by the multiplicity of *ba ba bas* the letter contains;  
but

but the Busy Body thinks, were it inserted, Risible would laugh by himself, at all his own jokes; and the critics be *grinning* with spite; Risible is requested to take for the trouble of laughing, a *smile* of contempt.

A NOTE OF INTERROGATION, wants to know why B. is so confoundedly officious? the reply is easy; B. chooses to punish all impudent *notes* with proper *interjections*. *Qui capit ille facit !!!*

ÆSOP'S GHOST *appeared* to the Busy Body last Monday night, between the hours of ten and eleven; he came in the *shape* of a letter, as it were from a correspondent, with the following fable enclosed:



## THE MONKEY AND MACCARONI.

A Monkey looking out of the parlour window on a summer's day, perceived a Maccaroni at a great distance; the oddity of this *creature's* appearance so delighted Master Pugg, that he waited with the utmost impatience his approach; the beau had extended over his head an umbrella, to save his *pretty face* from the scorching rays of the sun; Pugg, soon as he came near the parlour window, jump'd out, and seated himself on the top of the umbrella; this was such glorious sport for the mobility, that all the little boys and girls following the Maccaroni, cried out, "Oh, the monkey, the monkey!" "Where, where?" "Don't you see the beau with an umbrella?" "What? do you call *me* a monkey," exclaimed the beau in a great

great passion, and threatening a neighbour a violent blow, raised over his head a *little bit* of cane, which Master Pugg thinking he meant to strike *him* with, snatch'd out of his hand, and after laying it on his *pretty face*, with all possible force jump'd off the umbrella, and ran home amidst the loud huzzas of the populace.

## M O R A L.

By a consciousness of our own follies, we are generally the first to expose ourselves; and it is very often the case that when we endeavour to avoid any evil, we take the surest means of plunging ourselves into it.

GRAMMATICUS, in his definition of *humourist*, says, that the word, instead

of being a complimentary one, and meaning a *wit*, signifies a *whimsical capricious* person, or one addicted to strange humours, &c. how far GRAMMATICUS is right, B will not pretend to say.

NOTA BENE has very politely given the Busy Body several good hints, among which, is the following :

“ Take care of a famous *pig* in *Pater-*  
 “ *noster Row*; no doubt you have heard  
 “ of these *pigs of knowledge*; it is cer-  
 “ tainly very surprising, how animals,  
 “ naturally stubborn, can be taught any  
 “ thing; but the *pig*, of which I give  
 “ you this intimation, is more curious;  
 “ he deals in *learning*, sir, and is very  
 “ celebrated for *new magazines*; take  
 “ care then, Mr. Busy Body, that you  
 “ don’t



" don't see a NEW namesake in a few  
 " days ——— I mean a NEW BUSY  
 " BODY; but perhaps his *learning* does  
 " not soar so high as your numbers;  
 " besides, which is a proof of his *run-*  
 " *ning* too, the same matter serves for  
 " all; so that when you read one ma-  
 " gazine, you read half a dozen or  
 " more; this imposition, no doubt,  
 " passes for œconomy, and œconomy  
 " you know is the *whole duty of man*.

UTINAM has wished for every thing,  
 but what he wants most——common  
 sense.

QUERY begs to know what is the  
 greatest enemy to beauty? in the Busy  
 Body's opinion, the *small pox*.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS, BY A. A. cannot be admitted till the author shows his authority, and proves the facts; for the Busy Body is well aware of the numerous impositions which are put upon the readers of periodical publications. Stories *upon facts* are for the most part *fabulous*; and those upon *recent* facts, some old stories revived; in like manner, *original* anecdotes are generally cut out of old newspapers.

ONE presents his compliments to the Busy Body, and (in his own words) takes the liberty of troubling him with *two or three* lines upon

FEMALE

## FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,  
 Two or three *nos* when he bids you say *yes*,  
 Two or three smiles when you utter the *no*,  
 Two or three frowns if he offer to go;  
 Two or three speeches like *ah go away*,  
 Two or three times you must hold him to stay;  
 Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,  
 Two or three tears, tho' you don't know for what,  
 Two or three letters when vows are begun,  
 Two or three quarrels before you have done,  
 Two or three meetings to walk here and there,  
 Two or three nights to the playhouse repair,  
 Two or three dances to make you jocose,  
 Two or three hours in a corner sit close,  
 Two or three starts when he bids you *elope*,  
 Two or three glances which intimate *hope*,  
 Two or three pauses before you are won,  
 Two or three swoonings to let him press on,  
 Two or three sighs if you've wasted your tears,  
 Two or three *hem*s when a chaplain appears,  
 Two or three nods when your hands giv'n away,  
 Two or three coughs when you come to *obey*.  
Two



230 THE BUSY BODY.

Two or three courtseys when marriage is over,  
 Two or three *dears* when discourfing your lover,  
 Two or three steps towards the bed-chamber run,  
 Two or three kisses tho' ask'd but for one.  
 Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,  
 Two or three *little ones* two or three times.

The same Correspondent has added  
 TWO OR THREE HINTS FOR MAKING  
 A FINE GENTLEMAN.

Two or three oaths to show how much you are  
 skill'd,  
 Two or three promises never fulfill'd,  
 Two or three bows when a favour is granted,  
 Two or three *psaws* when from you it is wanted,  
 Two or three coffee-rooms visit with speed,  
 Two or three newspapers gather to read,  
 Two or three lines be reciting about,  
 Two or three men who are *in fir* or *out*,  
 Two or three paragraphs read very loud,  
 Two or three times fir to deafen the croud,  
 Two or three nights at the play you must loll,  
 Two or three hisses for nothing at all,

Two

# THE BUSY BODY. 121

Two or three noes when the rest cry *yes*,  
 Two or three *roars* when they bawl out *no*,  
 Two or three claps if the actress be pretty,  
 Two or three damns if the poet be witty,  
 Two or three minutes be raising your glass,  
 Two or three ogle give each charming lass,  
 Two or three steps be pursuing the misses,  
 Two or three whispers, then two or three kisses,  
 Two or three looks at the one that most fair is,  
 Two or three figs if you think she's an heiress,  
 Two or three compliments have to extol her,  
 Two or three dozen of deities call her,  
 Two or three squeezes (the best way to coax)  
 Two or three broad laughs at all your *own* jokes,  
 Two or three hours let your snuff box be seen,  
 Two or three fingers admit you therein,  
 Two or three taps on the lid softly make,  
 Two or three pinches with airs you must take,  
 Two or three lasses point at where they go,  
 (Two or three proofs of *great* manners you  
 know,)  
 Two or three times the *deft* finger you'll show,

Two

132 THE BUSY BODY.

Two or three quarrels have with ev'ry friend,  
 Two or three challenges instantly send,  
 Two or three *pops*, *fir*, and there let it end,  
 Two or three dice boxes rattle, by which  
 Two or three gamesters are poor or are rich,  
 Two or three clubs you must visit each week,  
 Two or three hours of *diversion* to seek,  
 Two or three nights have a fine drinking match,  
 Two or three boys who don't *value the watch*,  
 Two or three bottles with two or three glasses,  
 Two or three roasts (names of two or three  
     lasses)  
 Two or three catches, three only must sing,  
 Two or three verses of God save the King,  
 Two or three bumpers that you needn't stand  
     still,  
 Two or three very loud calls for the bill,  
 Two or three of you then seem to fall out,  
 Two or three waiters kick smartly about,  
 Two or three scoundrels make sound in the air,  
 Two or three glasses let fly here and there,  
 Two or three fellows abuse, till you meet  
 Two or three others to show you the street,

Two



THE BUSY BODY. 233

Two or three grins when you think of the joke,  
Two or three wishes more things had been broke,  
Two or three nights of such *fine fun* as that is,  
Two or three suppers may get for you *gratis*,  
Two or three lessons like these will produce,  
Two or three heroes for Venus's use,  
Two or three beaux so complete may enjoy,  
Two or three belles, the most squeamish and coy.

A POOR AUTHOR lays before the Busy Body, the following unhappy story :

“ I published a few days ago, a method to preserve *haddocks* for so many months ; but the printer unfortunately made it *mad dogs*, and to add to my distress, the reader in the erratum, was commanded for *mad dogs*, to read *sad dogs* ; this is not all, sir, I published a novel last Monday, before which, there being a great mistake in one of my heroine's letters, I wrote a few  
“ lines

“ lines in a passion to the printer, un-  
 “ derneath the copy, hoping for the fu-  
 “ ture he would be more attentive; not  
 “ having a revival of this sheet, behold!  
 “ when I began to read it after it was  
 “ published, thus the letter, which is  
 “ supposed to be from the heroine to her  
 “ lover, ran:

“ Oh, sir, forgive me—elope from  
 “ my mother, never, no, never will I  
 “ act so indelicate a part. By H——  
 “ if you don't pay more attention to the  
 “ next letter, for your stops, semicolons,  
 “ periods, &c. are most shamefully trans-  
 “ posed, you shall do no more work for  
 “ me. ——”

“ Thus Mr. B. he inserted what I had  
 “ written *to him* in the middle of Sophia's  
 letter,

"letter, and made my heroine a most in-  
famous character."

MONITOR advises ladies to take care of becoming *women* too soon. CLARA, he has remarked, tho' but a month married, to be a *knowing* wife, and assuming so much consequence already, that the very girls who courted her company before, despise her now; he has also remarked her before faces to loll upon and kiss her husband, while behind her back the disgusted company have declared *it was all a pretence*; he therefore requests her to pay some attention to good manners, and forbear *fondness* till a seasonable time; he likewise begs her not to appear so very uneasy when her husband is absent, for by such rude behaviour, she not only renders herself disagreeable to  
all



all present; but the company, thro' politeness, must express every uneasiness too:

"It is a shame (Monitor adds) for either  
 "wife or husband to quarrel before  
 "friends. Can it be entertaining at  
 "dinner, supper, tea, &c. to hear a  
 "man or woman chide one another;  
 "sure the words of gall must disgust  
 "like those of honey. *Why do you do so*  
 "*and so?* are as disagreeable to the ears  
 "of a party, as *my life, my love, my dear,*  
 "&c." His advice to the married ladies of another description is equally just; he tells them that by the giddiness of their behaviour, and aversion to domestic entertainment, they will not only incur the indifference of their husbands, but deservedly meet with the disrespect of friends; his advice to the unmarried thus concludes:

Oh

THE BUSY BODY. 237

Oh let her be as virtuous as she's fair,

Yet practise Cupid's ev'ry winning art;

Let her be gentle, let her be sincere,

For she alone secure the wand'ring heart.

Let cordial sympathy for the forlorn,

Within her easy yielding breast appear;

For what can more the human eye adorn,

Than to disfigure it with Pity's tear?

Let modesty with vivid blush await,

Branch of humility that maketh meek;

Sweet modesty is virtue's dwelling seat,

The only ruby beautifies the cheek.

Tho' many bards have told us in their song,

"The blush proceeds from conscious guilt

"alone;"

Yet generous souls, which should to all belong,

Will blush for others vice as if their own.

Modesty chains up the licentious hand,

And with a kind of majesty appears,

To guard the heart, the tripping tongue com-

mand,

And thus defy the libertine she fears.

Let

173 THIS I USSEY AN OLD YET

Let her be loving when she feels to love,

Not prone to differ, not inclin'd to cease;

But gay by making gay for ever prove,

Be pleas'd herself when she can others please.

Let not false vanity betray her heart,

Each pretty coxcomb's pretty tongue to hear;

Who does, methinks would play the wanton's  
part,

And lend to all the same attending ear.

If she be fair, why waste a fleeting hour,

With any toiler, looking glass, or paint;

Can fattins magnify her beauty's pow'r?

Will affectation make her more a saint?

Oh no ye fair, your charms already bright,

Find no addition from these flimsy arts;

Beauty with virtue will enchant the fight,

Virtue without it must enchant our hearts.

When love, the emblem of a generous mind,

With admiration courts your every charm;

Let soft compassion prompt you to be kind,

To feel within a sensitive alarm.

Should



THE BUSY BODY. 239

Should cruelty be lodg'd in tender frames,  
Should we in females hearts of marble find  
To be so cruel to the generous, seems  
As bad as to the coxcomb be too kind.

Let her delight in elevating mirth,  
But ne'er extravagant in any game;  
Let smiling gaiety give pleasure birth,  
And prudence teach her to avoid th' extreme.

Let her be this, and if all this she prove,  
Happy the man who fills her downy arms;  
Possess of merit, friendship, virtue, love,  
Sure she possesses most uncommon charms.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE BUSY BODY

And I suppose teach her to avoid the storm.  
The sailing party give her the word,  
But not to venture in the bay;  
The harbour is dangerous,  
And it is all this day,  
That he is able, and it is all this day,  
To keep the town a little lower down;  
The harbour is dangerous, and it is all this day,  
That he is able, and it is all this day,  
To keep the town a little lower down;

6 MA 50

End of the First Volume.